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LETTERS FROM ROME,

FROM MRS. FREDERICA BRUN, TO HER BROTHER, THE REV. DR. MUNTER, BISHOP OF SEELAND.

From the New Monthly Magazine, July 1817.

Palm-Sunday, March 26th, 1809.
I NCLOSE you two poetical effusions, which suggested themselves during a quarter of an hour of profound emotion, on the distribution of palms on Palm Sunday, and the wished-for benediction on Maundy Thursday. You know my way from my childhood, and that my capricious Muse will not be wooed, but visits me just when she pleases. At such times my heart throbs violently and my eyes often overflow, so that I scarcely see the paper or hold my pen.

Good Friday evening. We are just come from St. Peter's, where to-day all has been silent mourning. Long did we walk there under the echoing vaults till the gloom of night with all its mysterious terrors began to envelope us. The hundred lamps, at other times constantly burning round the graves of the apostles, gradually expired: the altars of the saints also were wrapped in darkness at the hour in which the Redeemer cried *It is finished!* The victorious cross, which used to be so resplendent, threw not to-day its light through the vast space: for the church herself mourns, bowed down in the dust, and needs consolation. Before the altar of the mother only, who has her dead son on her lap, and a sword in

her soul,* burned six solitary tapers while a reddish twilight yet penetrated from the top of the dome. At the door of the temple I turned about once more, and my soul was divided between grief and hope.

Easter Sunday. "Whence comest thou, Magdalen, beaming with joy?"—"From the grave of the Lord! I have seen the living conqueror of death!"—Such were the words of life that saluted us to-day at St. Peter's. The organ and the orchestra were in front of the high altar, where a spacious quadrangle of seats received the clergy; the rest of the congregation stood. This way of performing the music is not so favourable for the execution, as when it is given in one of the side chapels; but it admits of a greater number of hearers, and the effect is more solemn. The tones are often lost in the prodigious space, or break against the massive pillars; on the other hand, it is rendered more impressive, by the idea of the vastness of the place. The tones die away, and you meet them again in walking, like harmonies wafted from a higher world: they escape you where you expected them; but all at once a

* Michael Angelo's celebrated *Madre di Pieta*.

flood of melody pours down upon you from the cupolas. You must recollect, brother, how often our late father used to lament that those means which work upon the nobler of the sensual feelings of man, those which exalt the soul and the thoughts, were so little employed in the Lutheran worship, though they are by no means excluded from it.

April 6th. The great benediction was not given—but listen to the history of my two poems. I showed them to my friend the Cavaliere Gherardo de' Rossi, one of the first poets and literati, as well as one of the best men in Rome. He immediately made a spirited translation of them into Italian, which we sent on Wednesday in the Passion Week to the Pope, with only this signature: *Da una Signora Forastiera*. The author however was soon guessed, and some days afterwards his Holiness sent to me his private secretary, the Abbate Baldini, to thank me in his name, and to say, that “it gave him great pleasure to find that a foreigner, a Protestant, an ingenious poetess, and an amiable woman, thought so well of him.”* But now I was desired to send him the German original *del proprio pugno*—“in my own hand writing.” This I did, and he had a literal translation of it made into the Propaganda.

This private secretary of Pius VII. is an extremely interesting man, especially for us women. Since I have got into the talkative style of female memoirs, I must relate to you the history of the Abbate Baldini, as communicated to me by a mutual friend in nearly the following words:—

“I resided,” said he, “near the Rotunda, when Baldini, a young Roman of promising abilities was engaged in the study of the law. He conceived a passion for a young female, who also lived near the Pantheon, but from whom he met with no return. This attachment revived his extraordinary talent for music, which had yielded to graver studies, and every evening the Place of the Pantheon was enlivened with Baldini's songs, both the words and music of which were his own composition. His enchanting voice, accompanied by his masterly guitar, drew

the whole neighbourhood to the windows, and many even from their beds, to listen to his strains. By degrees, these sweet strains became less frequent, and more melancholy; till at length one evening a peculiar doleful farewell song called the cruel maiden to the grave of her miserable lover,* in tones so moving and pathetic that all the hearers burst into tears. Baldini was seen no more at Rome, and his obdurate charmer soon gave her hand to another.

“Some years afterwards,” continued my friend, “I was present in a church at Rome, during a procession of priests who passed me singing. A voice, the sweetness of which awakened certain indistinct recollections attracted my notice. I listened, and looked more attentively—it was Baldini. His pale emaciated face, illumined by the soft light of the taper, he glided past me like a shadow, with down-cast eyes—or rather rose, as if from the grave, before me. I hastened to him, and found him calmly resigned, having received comfort from above. He returned by degrees into the world, visiting in a few select circles, especially where he meets with music.”

Thus far my friend. We actually found this generous victim of love at the house of the Countess Carradori, a native of Vienna. She is the best singer off the stage at Rome. In her early youth, she sung at the theatre in Vienna. There she was seen and heard by Count Carradori, and the celebrated air in Cimarosa's *Horatii*—*Belle pupille tenere*, performed by a most exquisite voice, and accompanied by eyes not less beautiful than those are supposed to be to which this enchanting song is addressed, made a conquest of the heart of the Roman Count. Their union has been peculiarly happy. There we saw for the first time the yet pale and mildly melancholy Baldini. When the Countess Carradori, who is quite a Roman in her encouragement of promising talents, sung Mozart's sweetest duet, *Deh! perdoni al primo affetto*, with my Ida who is yet no more than fourteen years old, Baldini said—*Questa Ragazza non sa la musica, ma è la musica*—“she is not a musician, she is music itself.” Thus

* Excuse the repetition of these complimentary expressions of his Holiness, especially as you know they are infallible; and of course it would be wrong to criticise them.

* *Quivi il suo deluso amore*, accompanied by the guitar, has become a popular song of the Romans.

you see this Baldini is destined to tell me what I am fondest of hearing—but nothing from him affords me so much pleasure as his heart-thrilling strains.

Before I close this letter I will put up for you a print—an indifferent one indeed—engraved from a miniature of the Pope, and which appeared last summer while I was in Tuscany. In a few days 12,000 copies of it were sold: the French general then caused it to be bought up, fearing lest the contagion of this enthusiasm might spread over all Italy. It has no other merit than that of being a striking likeness.

April 20. Difficult as it is in these times to form acquaintance with the higher clergy, I have nevertheless had the pleasure to see Cardinal Erskine several times at my house. He is a most amiable, accomplished, and elegant old man, combining the most polished manners with the dignity of his station. But the crown and heart of my acquaintance here is the Chevalier d'Agincourt, now 80 years of age. We are as much attached to him as though we were his children, and he loves us with paternal affection. This gentleman possesses all the qualities which in *la bonne vieille France* most advantageously distinguished individuals at his time of life—buoyant vivacity, delicacy of feeling, that gallantry of the heart in the intercourse with our sex which is peculiar to the southern nations, and which the French expressed more tenderly than any other. Such is he as a Frenchman; but the qualities which adorn him as a man are of far greater importance, and do not belong exclusively to any nation. D'Agincourt has that lofty purity of soul above the reach of all profanation, that pious simplicity of heart which a highly favoured few alone preserve amid the storms of life, and which surround them already here below with the radiance of immortality—In a pretty house on the *Trinita di Monti* he lives retired from the bustle of the world, devoting himself to the study of antiquity, and the care of a charming garden which he planted himself at the age of seventy, and in the shade of which he now delights to walk. There we find him among his flowers which he is fond of cultivating with his own hands. Notwithstanding his advanced years, he is

healthy, though he subsists almost entirely upon eggs, milk, and vegetable diet—so that I frequently call him in joke, our Brahmin. Lately, indeed, he has been prevailed upon by the remonstrances of the physicians, who have for some time past suspected a weakness of his optic nerves, to admit some animal food and a small quantity of generous wine to his hermit-like table. I never quit the sacred shades about his habitation without feeling myself better than when I went thither—and let me leave Rome when I will, among my many great sorrows, the keenest will be the parting from D'Agincourt. What must be the sentiments of this excellent old man on the part which his countrymen are now performing at Rome you may easily conceive.

July 4. Will you hear a pretty legend?—On the day when the proclamation of the complete occupation of the Roman states on the part of the French emperor appeared, a white pigeon flew in at one of the windows of the Pope's apartments. The attendants endeavoured to drive it out again, but in vain; the bird flew to and fro in the lofty rooms far above their reach. As their efforts were fruitless, and served only to disturb the Pope, the bird was left in quiet possession, and food and drink were placed for it, that it might not perish for want. The ethereal creature, however, would not touch any thing earthly; neither would it quit the place till the bull of excommunication was prepared, when it suddenly darted out at the same window by which it had entered thrice twenty-four hours before!

St. Peter's was never so thronged as at the late festival of the Apostles. Great numbers of country-people were there; but even the Romans are growing devout from attachment to this Pope; and that, you well know, is saying a great deal. Among the many altars of the vast cathedral, the most frequented by the people was the tomb of the holy Pope Leo, where Algardi's prodigious basso-relievo, representing the appearance of the two Princes of the Apostles to Attila, is placed. Hence ascended the most fervent prayers for "deliverance from the scourge of mankind, and succour from above in the absence of all earthly aid."

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

ON THE MODERN POWER OF MUSIC.

MR. URBAN,

Feb. 10, 1817.

AS I have long known and loved the harmony of your spirit, and that although we are neither of us very able performers in the Science of Music, yet we have sometimes, as the "*Laborum dulce Lenimen*," sought the concord of sweet sounds—you are, therefore, the fittest friend I have to sympathise with me in the following case: During the last recess I had the pleasure of being present at a celebrated annual festival of Music, where the first Performers were met, the highest harmony preserved, and the most fashionable audience assembled. Indeed I had been informed that so convinced were every family for many miles round, that both taste and execution would surpass almost the Commemoration of Handel, that the most eager solicitations for tickets of admission had been manifest; and those who had not applied early, and others who had not applied at all, were actually despised, as not worthy of being associated with or noticed by their neighbours, and they were, in short, become less than nothing. Such was the Christian consolation of these friends. Animated by this ardent expectation, I esteemed every family I saw in this crowded assembly equal in musical skill to Cramer or Beethoven themselves: and as I boast the taste of an Amateur, it was very gratifying to me, to anticipate the profound attention and the scientific observations of those near whom I had the honour to be placed.

When the Orchestra first opened, the silence with which the first part of the Grand Overture was heard, afforded me the most satisfactory hopes that equal attention would be paid to the whole; but no sooner was it closed, than a gentleman, who appeared to understand it, remarked it was very fine, but his lady thought it rather too long. The first Act proceeded, and was accompanied with remarks not more profound: the symphonies furnished rare opportunities for the gossip of the day to begin; and whenever there was a rest or an abrupt pause, the voices of half whisper were

so distinct as to raise a blush on the cheeks of those who were thus betrayed. In the second Act many fans were held up to hide a gape as long as when the thumb and fore-finger are stretched wide apart; however, until this time I had been suffered to enjoy the concert in quiet; but a lady near me began now to grow very uneasy, and leaned across me to her friend, and talked of a visit the day before, and most rapidly quizzed all the company while Milton's "*Sweet Echo*" engaged the performers. I changed seats with her, which, as the lady was remarkably fat, occasioned a disturbance to the rows before and behind, for which, of course, I alone was to blame. The Orchestra lost no time, nor any credit, for the whole selection was the most judicious I had ever heard; but it did not secure them from the ungoverned propensity of the people to talk about any thing the most foreign to the purpose; and when the whole closed with the grand Chorus in the *Messiah*, the company rejoiced more at the close than the performance, which they nevertheless most candidly applauded. Now, Sir, all this led me to reflect whether the power of Music is real or imaginary. If there were not something genteel in the entertainment, I doubt whether any assemblage would ever be collected to hear it. It moves the passions; but as soon as it ceases, nay, indeed, when but little of it has been given, *ennui* seems to prevail, and it leaves nothing for the mind. Like a steam-engine, it has all the effect, till the heat evaporates, or, like a gas-light it is extinguished.—The want of National Music at a battle has been the known cause of that Nation failing. Orpheus and Pan, and Apollo himself, have done wonders amongst the brutes and human animals of heathen mythology; but, Sir, such enlightened auditors are not reserved for modern times;—and every pastoral shepherd that piped his lay to his flock while his Colmet was kind, left them to their animal recreations, and hung his lute upon some bending willow whenever she frowned—Mu-

sic then lost its power. I questioned much with myself whether it has any general power or not; and, without losing time, I shall now refer you to a high authority, whose judgment is deservedly ranked upon the highest of Moses' seat.

"Being in the country one day," said Vigneul Marville, Professor of Music, "I had a mind to see whether beasts, as it is commonly said of them, take pleasure in Music. Whilst my companion was playing upon an instrument, I considered attentively a cat, a dog, horse, an ass, an hind, some cows, some little birds, and a cock and hens, which were in the court below the window where we stood. The cat paid no regard to the Music, and, to judge by his physiognomy, he would have given all the symphonies in the world for a mouse; he stretched himself out in the sun, and went to sleep. The horse stopped short before the window, and, as he was grazing, he raised his head from time to time. The dog sat him down like a monkey, fixing his eyes steadfastly on the Musi-

cian, and continued a long time in the same posture, with the air and attitude of a connoisseur. The ass took no notice of us at all, munching his thistles very demurely. The hind set up her large broad ears, and seemed to be extremely attentive. The cows gave us a look, and then marched off. The little birds in a cage and on the trees strained their throats and sang with the utmost eagerness; whilst the cock minded nothing but the hens, and the hens busied themselves in scratching the dunghill."

The late Dr. Jortin, who studied Music for relaxation from his laborious writings, on reading this description, said, "Imagine these creatures to be human, and you will have no bad representation of any one of our political assemblies at a musical performance."

I shall now leave you, dear Sir, to reflect upon all this; and you shall tell me the result of your thoughts after we have met at the next Concert of Ancient Music.

A. H.

From the European Magazine.

LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.

THE PARISIAN.*

NO one appeared to regard what these words implied: and her character, contrasted with Henrielle's, resembled the Provençal rose, whose cold whiteness is scarcely tinged with a blush, compared to the bright scarlet tulip. An impenetrable *mauvaise honte* covered talents which she readily possessed, while an air always easy, confident, and caressing, gave her rival that elegance which is said to be the result of conscious dignity and tranquil happiness. The Baroness, once herself the reigning belle of Paris, determined to raise her new favourite to the same height by splendid and incessant galas. On her birth-day, according to the graceful custom still preserved there, Henrielle presided at a festival designed for its celebration; and flowers, the usual tributes, were brought in beautiful abundance to the pavilion where she sat. A young stranger, pressing thro' the crowd, placed himself near her. "Your father," said he, "could not send his favourite

flowers to-day, but he charged me to offer this substitute—"and he presented a bouquet of jewels arranged to represent a *poppy* and a *lily* interwoven. These symbols, once considered sacred to the deity of marriage, caused a smiling change in the receiver's aspect, while the Baron gravely cast his eyes on the letter brought to him by the giver. But the assembly's attention was diverted by the entrance of an aged and blind woman, supported by her children, who led her towards the queen of the festival. She carried a basket filled with Provençal roses, which she kissed and wept over. "I have nothing more to offer, *mademoiselle!*" said she; "but these roses are fresh from the tree your good father planted in my garden."—"Ah, Madelon!" exclaimed Henrianna, springing towards her—"I have heard him name his kind nurse a thousand times, and that rose-tree was planted on my birth-day!"—"Who are you?" replied the old paysanne—"when he planted it, he did not tell me that he had a

* See *ATH.* Vol. I. p. 910.

daughter."—"No, Madelon," interposed Henrielle, gently taking the flowers from her basket—"on that day your niece Suzette had rejected her lover Lubin by placing nuts on the table, according to your Provençal custom; and he comforted him by a promise to take him to Paris as his valet."—"It is the very words of my dear young lord!" returned Madelon, clasping her hands in rapture—"but tell me, is poor Suzette living yet?"—Henrielle hesitated, as if fearful to give the poor paysanne affliction: and before she could determine how to reply, a dove flew into the pavilion, and alighted on Henriana's shoulder. It had a paper attached to its foot, inscribed, "*To detect a counterfeit.*" Every eye was fixed on her face, which varied a thousand times from the whiteness of fear and shame to that deep red supposed to announce guilt. But, instead of spurning the innocent bearer of this testimony against her, she allowed it to nestle in her bosom; and, shedding tears, whispered—"Poor bird!—an enemy has employed thee, but thou hast not forgotten me."—Henrielle smiled on her with a gracious air, as if desiring her to confide in her friendship. And collecting the flowers which had been brought as tributes, with an air of badinage apparently contrived to relieve Henriana, she said—"Are there counterfeits among these offerings?—we will submit them, then, to the ordeal both of fire and water." All admired the benevolent attempt to divert attention from the humble culprit, and the grace with which she dipped the flowers into a perfumed vase, and placed them round the edge of a lamp burning on an antique tripod. But the flowers were all artificial, and the flame, spreading among them, seized the drapery attached to the pavilion, and the conflagration was general in a few instants. The young stranger, whose gallant gift had introduced him to Henrielle, lost not a moment in carrying her out of the reach of danger; but Henriana, inattentive to herself, caught the blind paysanne in her arms, and saved her from the flames which had already fastened on her.—"One would think," said the Baroness, with a scornful air, "that this young woman recognized a relative in our old Madelon! and I now remember—her pert niece

Suzette followed our son's Gascon valet to Paris. Since Henriana has evidently no claims to nobility, we cannot give her a fitter retreat than her grand-aunt's cottage in Provence."—"She has nobility at heart, at least," replied M. de Salency—"and if it endures the test next prepared for it, I am satisfied." Without explaining this speech, he descended to the saloon, where the rival claimants were seated; and addressing himself to Henrielle, unfolded the packet brought by the young chevalier Florival. It contained a letter from her father, recommending him to her favour as a suitor highly enriched by nature, though not by fortune, and giving his paternal blessing to their union. Henrielle heard it with the smile of conscious beauty, and a painful glance of mock indifference: the father, perhaps, would have been more gratified if they had been checked by a tender and grateful remembrance of the absent writer. But he withdrew without comment, and returned accompanied by Florival, whose flushing cheek and downcast eye expressed a timid, yet proud, dependence on the recommendation of Henrielle's father. She received him with a charming mixture of assumed unconsciousness and careless encouragement which her grandmother secretly applauded, as the perfection of that coquetry she had once practised herself.—"In your presence," said Florival looking respectfully towards the Baroness, "I may request your granddaughter's acceptance of this pledge, which her father hoped you would permit her to attach with her own hand to the pearl necklace she received from her mother. It was once your gift, and he promised to fill up the vacant place in it when he had found what he thought worthy"—And he produced an emerald heart, evidently adapted to some peculiar repository; but his gallant allusion to the colour of hope which tinged it, did not produce the smile he probably expected. Henrielle was silent till the Baron requested her to comply with her father's wishes:—then, looking compassionately at Henriana, she replied, "It was in my possession yesterday, but it is mine no longer;"—and when repeated questions extorted fuller answers, she reluctantly implied that her pearls had been stolen during the confusion caused by

the burning pavilion. . . Henriana remained mute ; but the quick heavings of her bosom announced her interest in this scene; and the intelligent glance of accusation cast on her by Henrielle turned Florival's thoughts towards her. He had not yet heard the mysterious tale of her supposed imposture; and her mourning dress, her retiring attitude, and modest eyes, over which she had drawn her fine hair embellished only by a simple sprig from the rose-tree loved by her father, fixed his pity and attention.—“Speak, that we may see you,” says an old philosopher who had the benefit of a woman's instruction. Florival understood this hint, and he addressed his conversation to Henriana, hoping to penetrate her character. If he had been touched by the meek simplicity of her aspect, he was now impressed by what might be called the holiness of innocence in her calm and proud reserve. But the Baroness, enraged at the suspicion which the absence of the necklace seemed to excite in her husband, busied herself in public and vehement complaints of the theft. The pearls had been often worn by her, were of the richest oriental kind, and of a shape so singular that they could be easily identified. All the domestics and spectators employed on the day of the fête were traced by police-officers, but no discovery resulted. Florival, apparently heedless of the event, continued his visits at the Baron's hotel, where he was received with vague, but inviting blandishments by Henrielle, and with placid coldness by Henriana. As his regard seemed fixed on the prosperous heiress, the latter gradually avoided his presence, and left him in full enjoyment of the wit and smiles which had attained such celebrity. On one of these occasions, she absented herself to seek Madelon's humble residence, and offer her a price for the cherished rose-tree. She found her knitting in her little garden-porch with the happy thoughtlessness of second childhood; but at the first glance Henriana recognized the pearl necklace hanging round her neck! A moment was given to silent astonishment before she inquired by what means it had fallen into her possession.—“This?” returned the old paysanne, stroking her sunburnt throat—“this was my grandson's gift

on my saint's day.”—“Madelon!” said Henriana, gently detaining her hand—“recollect yourself—these pearls belong to the family De Salency!”—The blind woman started up with a fierce gesture—“Wretch! vile wretch! you have profited by my blindness to steal my necklace, and substitute another!”—Her cries brought a robust young man from the interior of her habitation; but as he ran to her assistance, he appeared to recognize Henriana, and hesitated. “Speak for me, Lubin!” exclaimed his grandmother: “You well know I have no pearls—the chain you gave me was of beads.”—Lubin hung down his head, and a deep blush rose even to his forehead—“Mademoiselle, pardon and believe me!—I was tempted—I was paid to bring your dove to the pavilion with the billet written by—by her who wore the necklace of pearls:—they were dropped near me—I did not guess their value, and—I gave them to Ponne.”—“Well,” replied Henriana, “she loved my father, and you are safe—Dare you confide the pearls to me?”—The rich glow of Lubin's heart burned through his saffron cheek—“Gracious lady!—you saved my helpless grandmother from the flames, and we owe you the service of our whole lives.”—Henriana replied, “The time may come when you shall receive more than the value of these pearls:—let Madelon accompany me.”

The old paysanne rested on her grandson's arm, and followed Henriana to the Hôtel de Salency. In the vestibule they met Florival: and advanced a few steps to meet him, Henriana said, “Chevalier, the lost prize is recovered!—it fell into the hands of this blind woman, and was worn by her without consciousness of its worth.”—“I know it already,” he answered;—“but Henrielle has denounced her to the police, and its agents are on their way to her residence—I was hastening thither myself to favour her escape:—let her depart now, for the vengeance will be as sudden as the suspicion.”—“What! on her father's foster-mother!” interrupted Henriana, indignantly—“dares Henrielle shew cruelty even there!—take back these pearls, chevalier, since you have brought a bauble to attach to them—give them to your

chosen bride, and say they were redeemed by yourself—at your request, perhaps, she will spare this aged woman.” —“I will protect Madelon, assuredly,” replied Florival—“but the heart I brought will never belong to Henrielle—her’s is incapable of gratitude, bounty, or compassion. They tell me she has been educated for ornament and refinement, but she has neither been ornamented completely nor refined enough. Flowers are scattered on the surface of her character, but none grow there. The benevolence which ornaments social life, the refinement which governs thoughts and actions, are wholly unknown to her. Self is the sole motive of her graces, her blandishments, and even her virtues, which she assumes not because they are feminine, but because they create her power. It is a power, however, which extends no farther than her own flattered imagination, and I disclaim it from this hour.” —“Her presence will renew it, chevalier!” returned Henriana, smiling. —“No, madame—the vapid remains of wit and beauty exhausted in public crowds would not satisfy me—I expected to find a heart capable of gratitude to

an absent father, sincerity to a modest claimant, and tenderness to helpless old-age. I have found one, but not in Henrielle.” —“Be well assured before you decide,” said the Baron, entering—“I have brought a final arbitrator.” —Florival saw the father of Henrielle, and started back. —“Do you fear to be assured of this young beauty’s poverty?” added the old Lord, sternly. —“No, Baron!” returned the young favourite, still retreating—“I only fear to find her unworthy.” —“This,” said Henri de Salency, “is my own Henrielle—my only acknowledged daughter. Her rival, who has wisely taken refuge in flight, obtained the documents and credentials she possessed by a theft which her wretched mother committed to exalt a daughter whose existence is my reproach. The child of my virtuous wife has shewn the softness and the purity of soul which, like the *poppy* and the *lily*, are the best symbols of domestic happiness;—the pain inflicted by her sister’s imposture was a penalty I well deserved, by believing that splendid talents might cover a depraved heart, or atone for its unworthiness.” V.

STATE OF THE EAST INDIA MISSIONS.

From the Monthly Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

THE subjoined extract of a letter from a gentleman in Bombay, to his friend in England, will, I doubt not, prove interesting to the readers of your Miscellany: “I cannot close this letter without saying something on the subject of Indian missions.—We have at present here, two American missionaries; one of them travels with his wife:—there is quite a fight between the government and the Bible Society, whether they shall be sent to Europe or not. They have been ordered to proceed in the *Carmarthen*, but some days previous to her sailing, they made their escape, leaving the wife behind. They have been since arrested, and brought back from Cochin, and are now ordered to proceed in the ships under despatch for England.

“However desirable it is that the light of our holy religion should be spread abroad in these regions, yet, I much

doubt if the class of men generally sent on these missions are at all calculated to promote so desirable an end; in fact, they have not added one respectable convert.

“In the mean time the Mahomedans are forestalling us; a Mahomedan missionary with a young boy for his attendant, sits down under a tree near some Hindoo village, subsists on alms, and always succeeds in making numerous converts; here he lives, and most likely dies, when his disciples set him up as a saint, and continue to follow his precepts. I will be bound to say there is not a village in Hindoostan which has not its Mahomedan saint. In our part of India the spirit of intolerance is never manifested; the Mahomedans living under Hindoo governments are as mild and quiet as the Hindoos themselves. Whilst our missionaries are employed in erecting printing presses, building spacious Bun-

goloas, in fact labouring to endow themselves with the goods of this world, the Mahomedan fakir is reaping the harvest. I think you were in China when one of these travelling fakirs made his appearance in Canton, in either 1805 or 1806. This man had travelled over land from Bengal, through Siam, and Cochin China, subsisting all the way on alms, possessing nothing but a staff and wallet. He acquired during his sojourn in Canton (which did not exceed two months) such a character for sanctity that he was followed and noticed by all ranks, and might have led a life of indolence and ease; but he preferred a travelling life, doing, he said, all the good of which he was capable, for nobody approached him to whom he did not impart his good advice. He set off on his travels followed by the tears and blessings of thousands, who looked on him as a saint. He intended to travel from Canton, northward, for the purpose of converting some savage hordes, on whom the light of religion had not yet dawned."

It is not long since the subject of Indian missions was discussed in the House of Commons, and at that time, several gentlemen were of opinion, that the resolutions of various meetings held at several taverns in London, relative to those missions, and stated in the daily and monthly publications, would find their way to India, and alarm the peaceful natives.— There is reason to think those opinions are already verified in a certain degree;

because it appears by the last accounts from India, that the resolutions mentioned above have been read with avidity by many of the most intelligent of the natives, who have translated them into the language of the country, by which means the alarm, it is feared, may spread; for it is said that some of the native soldiers have already complained to their officers, that they fear some measures are about to be taken to compel them to change their religion.

It is not likely that success will attend any missions in India, until the Europeans residing there can, by embracing a practical life of piety and virtue, exhibited before the natives of that country, convince them by example as well as precept, that christianity is a pure religion, and far superior to theirs.— But while the natives of India keep with pious zeal all their solemn festivals, and continue to adore and supplicate the Deity, whether it be prostration daily to the rising or setting sun, as his sublime image, or otherwise, as taught by their fathers; and at the same time observe amongst the Europeans around no indications of superior virtue or piety, but rather an indifference as to all religion, they will, under such circumstances, never believe but that their own way of adoring the Deity is preferable to that of Europeans, or rather consider the latter as men possessing no *real* religion at all.

July 1817.

X TIANUS.

From Ackerman's Repository.

CHARACTERS OF MADAME DE STAEL AND MADAME DE GENLIS.

[FROM LADY MORGAN'S NEW HISTORICAL NOVEL, "FRANCE."*]

I HAD often been assured, in some literary circles at Paris, that the greatest revolution which had taken place in their literature, since the reign of Louis XIV. has occurred in the taste, talent, and style of their female writers. They still speak with rapture of the facility, the *abandonnement*, the grace of the compositions of the La Fayettees, the Sevig-

nés, the Caylus's; and oppose them in decided superiority to the De Staëls, the Cottins, the Genlis's, and the Souzas. But the great claim to that originality of invention and combination, which constitutes the essence of genius, belongs exclusively to the modern writers. The best compositions of the female wits of the *beau siècle*, exhibited but the art of transferring the elegant gossipry, so eternally practised in their salons, to their letters, and adopting in their written accounts of the anecdotes, incidents, slanders, intrigues and *tracasseries* of the day, the

[* See ATH. Vol. I. p. 584. It is said Lady M. has received £2,000 sterling for the copyright of this work.]

same epigrammatic point and facility of expression, which belong to the genius of their language, and which have at all times been the study, the charm, and the habit of their conversation.

The life of such a woman as Madame de Sevigné was passed in social little circles, in eternal visits, and in seeking, hearing, circulating, and transcribing all that was passing in the city or the court. Women of rank had then no domestic duties, though they had many social ties. Their infants were nursed by hirelings, their children were reared in convents, their husbands lived with the army or the court, and those profounder feelings which exercise so powerful an operation upon female intellect, remained cold and undeveloped. They read little, because the scale of modern literature was then circumscribed, and few women studied the dead languages. The whole power of their mind, therefore, was confined and levelled to the combination and recitation of the events which took place in the most frivolous, intriguing, but polished society that ever existed. Their style was brilliant, playful, and elegant; and it was eminently, perhaps exclusively, calculated to *éterniser la bagatelle*.*

When, however, they abandoned facts for fiction, they wholly failed in their attempt; and in the world of invention there is, perhaps, nothing so cold, cumbersome, and wearisome, so out of the line of social nature, and yet so remote from the fairy regions of fancy, as the romances of Mademoiselle Scuderie, and the novels of Madame La Fayette. They soon fell by their own ponderous weight, even in an age when they had novelty to sustain them, and have now long been known by name only.

The two most celebrated female writers of France, Madame de Genlis and Madame de Staël, mark successively the progress of female intellect, and the scope given by circumstances to female talent in that country. The works of Madame de Genlis form a sort of connecting link

between those women who wrote at the latter end of Louis the Fourteenth's day, and those who have appeared since the revolution. The foundress of a new genus of composition in her own language, her domestic stories are a deviation from the grave formality of the early French novel; and stand equally free from the licentious liberties of the new, a witty but an immoral school, founded by the Marivaux, the Louvets, and the Leclos. M. de Genlis, if not the first who made works of imagination the vehicle of education, was at least the earliest of those who introduced instruction and science into tales of sentiment and passion; and the erudition which occasionally gleams through her pages, has been thought to do the honours of the head, to the exclusion of the interests of the heart; while her pure and polished style, flowing and smooth as it is, stands accused by the severity of French criticism of approaching to the studied elegance and cold precision of a professed rhetorician. It may, however, be said with great truth, that none perhaps ever wrote so well who wrote so much, or has ever blended so few faults with so many merits of style and composition. Madame de Genlis just held that place in society from her rank, her fashion, her political tendencies, and literary success, which was most calculated to excite against her a host of enemies. Had she been more obscure as a *woman*, she would have been less severely treated as an *author*.

The genius of Madame de Staël belongs to the day and age in which it dawned, and by which it was nurtured. It partakes of their boldness and their aspirations, their freedom and their force. Fostered amidst philosophical inquiries, and political and social fermentation, its objects are naturally grand, its scope vast, its efforts vigorous. It has the energy of inspiration, and its disorder. There is in Madame de Staël's compositions, something of the Delphic priestess. Sometimes mystic, not always intelligible, we still blame the *god* rather than the oracle; and wish perhaps that *she* were less inspired, or *we* more intelligent.

While other writers (both male and female) in France have turned with every breeze that fluttered in the political

* Speaking of the talents of Mesdames de Staël and de Genlis, a French critic of the old school observed to me: "*Pour ces femmes là, elles se sont fait une imagination et une littérature viriles. — Madame, il y a, dans l'une et l'autre, de quoi faire trois ou quatre hommes d'esprit.*"

hemisphere, Madame de Staël has steadily proceeded in the magnificent march of *genius* governed by *principle*; and her opinions, while they are supported by all the force of female enthusiasm, derive an additional weight from the masculine independence and steadiness of their advocate.

I had to lament that Madame de Staël had left France at the moment when I entered it; and I was tantalized by invitations, which proposed my meeting her at the house of a mutual friend, at the time when imperious circumstances obliged me to return to Ireland. I was thus prevented from seeing one of the most distinguished women of the age, from whose works I had received infinite pleasure, and (as a woman I may add) infinite pride. Her character was uniformly described to me by her friends, as largely partaking of a disposition whose kindness knew no bounds; and of feelings which lent themselves, in ready sympathy, to every claim of friendship, and every call of benevolence. Among those who knew her well, the splendour of her reputation seems sunk in the popularity of her character; and "*C'est une excellente personne*"—" *C'est un bon enfant*," were epithets of praise constantly lavished on one, who has so many more brilliant claims to celebrity.*

Madame de Genlis was at Paris when I arrived there; but I was told on every side that she had retired from the world; that she was invisible alike to friends and strangers—that, "*elle s'était jetée dans la religion*!" or that "*elle s'était mise en retraite dans une société de Capucines*." I had despaired therefore of seeing a person, out of whose works I had been educated, and whose name and writings were intimately connected with all my earliest associations of books and literature; when

* Both Madame de Staël and Madame de Genlis appeared to me to be rather unpopular with the royalists and *ultras*: the one, for her supposed republican principles; the other, for the part she took in the early part of the revolution. Of Madame de Staël they constantly said to me, "*C'est de éloquence, si vous voulez; cependant c'est une phraséologue* Madame de S.!" Of Madame de Genlis—" *Pour son style, c'est d'une pureté très facile et élégante, mais il n'y a rien de naturel dans ses romans, que les enfans!*" The *Battuécas* of Madame de Genlis must, however, by this, have reconciled her to the most inveterate friends of legitimacy, church, state, and the King of Spain!

an invitation from this distinguished writer herself brought me at once to her retreat, in her convent of the Carmelites—an order recently restored with more than its original severity, and within whose walls Madame de Genlis has retired. As I drove "*aux Carmes*," it is difficult to say, whether Madame de Genlis or Madame de la Valière was uppermost in my imagination. Adjoining to the gloomy and monastic structure which incloses the Carmelite sisterhood (in barriers which even royalty is no longer permitted to pass), stands a small edifice appropriated to the lay-guest of this silent and solitary retreat. The pretty garden belonging exclusively to this wing of the convent, is only divided from its great garden by a low wall, and it admits at its extremity the melancholy view of a small chapel or oratory, fatally distinguished by the murder of the bishops and priests, imprisoned there during the reign of Robespierre. Madame de Genlis received me with a kindness, a cordiality, that had all the *naïveté* and freshness of youthful feeling and youthful vivacity. There was nothing of age in her address or conversation; and vigour, animation, a tone of decision, rapidity of utterance, spoke the full possession of every feeling and every faculty: and I found her in the midst of occupations and pursuits which might startle the industry of youth to undertake or to accomplish.

When I entered her apartment, she was painting flowers in a book which she called her *Herbier sacré*, in which she was copying all the plants mentioned in the Bible. She shewed me another volume, which she had just finished, full of trophies and tasteful devices, which she called *L'Herbier de Reconnaissance*. "But I have little time for such idle amusements," said Madame de Genlis. She was, in fact, then engaged in abridging some ponderous tomes of French *Mémoires*, in writing her *Journal de la Jeunesse* and in preparing for the press her new novel *Les Battuécas*, which she has since given to the world.

Her harp was, nevertheless, well strung and tuned; her piano-forte covered with new music; and when I gave her her lute to play for me it did not require the drawing up of a single string. All was energy and occupation. It was impossi-

ble not to make some observation on such versatility and variety of pursuits. "Oh! this is nothing," said Madame de Genlis; "what I pride myself on, is knowing *twenty trades, by all of which I could earn my bread.*"

She conversed with great earnestness, but with great simplicity, without effort as without pretension; and laughed heartily at some anecdotes I repeated to her which were then in circulation in Paris. When I mentioned the story of her receiving a mysterious pupil, who came veiled to her apartments, whose face had never been seen even by her attendants, she replied, that there was no mystery in the case; that she received two or three unfortunate young people, who had no means of supporting themselves, and to whom she taught the harp as a mode of subsistence, as she had done to Casimir, now one of the finest harpists in the world. I could not help telling her, I believed she had a *passion for educating*; she replied, "*Au contraire cela m'a toujours ennuyé*;" and added, it was the only means now left her of doing good.

I had been told in Paris, that Madame de Genlis had carried on a *secret correspondence* with the late emperor, which is another term for the higher walks of *espionnage*. I ventured one day to talk to her on the subject; and she entered on it with great promptitude and frankness. "Buonaparte," she said, "was extremely liberal to literary people—a pension of four thousand francs per annum was assigned to all authors and *gens-de-lettres* whose circumstances admitted of their acceptance of such a gratuity. He gave me, however, six thousand, and a suite of apartments at the Arsenal. As I had never spoken to him, never had any intercourse with him whatever, I was struck with this liberality, and asked him what he expected I should do to merit it. When the question was put to Napoleon, he replied carelessly, 'Let Madame de Genlis write me a letter once a month.' As no subject was dictated, I chose literature, but I always abstained from politics." Madame de Genlis added, that, tho' she never had any interview with him, yet, on her recommendation, he had pensioned five indigent persons of literary talent.

One of these persons was a mere lit-

éraire de société, and it was suggested to Buonaparte, that if he granted four thousand francs per annum to a man who was not an author, and was therefore destitute of the usual claim on such stated bounty, that there were two friends of that person equally clever, literary, and distressed, who would expect, or at least ask for a similar provision. "*Eh bien*," said Buonaparte, "*cela fait douze mille francs*;" and he ordered the other two distressed *litterati* to be put on the annuity-list with their friend.

It was said to me in Paris, that Madame de Genlis had retired to the Carmelites "*désabusée des vanités de ce monde, et de chimères de la célébrité.*" I know not how far this may be true, but it is certain, that if she has done with the *vanities* of the world, she has by no means relinquished its refinements and tastes even amidst the coldness and austerity of a convent. Her apartment might have answered equally for the *oratory of a saint*, or the *boudoir of a coquette*. Her blue silk draperies, her alabaster vases, her fresh-gathered flowers, and elegant Grecian couch, breathed still of this world: but the large crucifix (that image of suffering and humility) which hung at the foot of that couch; the devotional books that lay mingled with lay works, and the chaplets and rosaries which hung suspended from a wall, where her lute vibrated, and which her paintings adorned, indicated a vocation before which Genius lay subdued, and the Graces forgotten. On shewing me the pious relics which enriched this pretty cell, Madame de Genlis pointed out to my admiration a *Christ on the cross*, which hung at the foot of her bed. It was so celebrated for the beauty of its execution, that the pope had sent for it when he was in Paris, and blessed it ere he returned the sad and holy representation to its distinguished owner. And she naturally placed great value on a beautiful rosary which had belonged to Fenelon, and which that elegant saint had worn and prayed over till a few days before his death.

If years could be taken into the account of a lady's age, Madame de Genlis must be far advanced in life; for it is some time back since the Baron de Grimm speaks of her as a "*demoiselle*"

de qualite, qui n'etait connue alors, que par sa jolie voix, et son talent pour la harpe." Infirmary, however, seems to have spared her slight and emaciated figure; her dark eye is still full of life and expression; and tho' her features are thin, worn, and sharply marked, and her complexion wan and pale, the traces of age are neither deep nor multiplied. If her person is infinitely less fresh and vigorous than her mind, still it exhibits few

of those sad impressions, which times slowly and imperceptibly prints, with his withering and silent touch, on the firmest muscle and the brightest bloom. My visits to the cloisters of the *Carmelites* were as frequent as the duties of Madame de Genlis, and my own engagements in the world would admit; and if I met this distinguished and highly endowed person with the high-beating throb of expectation, I parted from her with admiration & regret.

MODERN CEREMONY OF HIGH MASS.

From the Monthly Magazine,

SIR,

IN an entertaining, but anonymous, volume, entitled, "Memorandums of a Residence in France in the Winter of 1815-16," I met with the following singular account of the effects of the celebration of high mass, upon the mind of the author, concluding with a compliment to the talents and virtues of my late much respected friend—the Rev. Hugh Worthington:—

"I had frequently attended the celebration of high mass in England, and had often admired it as a fine and imposing spectacle, but never saw it in so great a degree of perfection as on a festival at the church of St. Roch, in Paris. I do not remember the occasion, but am not likely ever to forget the ceremony or the feelings it inspired. I had been previously harassed with unusual fatigue, had passed several nights of broken rest, and had pursued my studies with a degree of assiduity and intensity which had quite unhinged my nerves, and left me in a state of body approaching very nearly to hysterical agitation. Under a feeling so oppressive and distressing, I looked about anxiously for something to turn the current of my thoughts, and tranquillize the painful irritation of my brain. The church of St. Roch was open and illuminated with unusual splendour; I passed in; and hiring one of the little chairs, of which there are many hundred always ready, seated myself, and waited patiently for the commencement.

"The long preparation added still to the effect. The organs swelled out its majestic tones with the most exquisite mod-

ulation I had ever heard. The music of the Romish Ritual is exceedingly fine, and here it was heard to the fullest advantage. The venerable air and magnitude of the building—the great numbers of the communicants—the gorgeous habiliments of the long train of priests—the splendor of the prolonged ceremony—the exquisite chanting of the singers—were altogether infinitely impressive. I was so overpowered with my own emotions, that I could scarcely stifle the hysterical sobs which rose in spite of my exertions. I felt a sensation of awe, of reverential awe, which almost made me dread to lift up my eyes, lest I should encounter the reproving glance of an offended Deity. My conscience brought before me all the faults I had ever been guilty of; and I was overwhelmed with a sense of my own unworthiness and reprobation. Forgetting for a moment that I was assisting at a communion of which I was not a member, I knelt down and received the sacrament with as sincere a devotion as ever influenced the breast of the most bigoted believer in modern miracles! I thought not of the peculiar tenets of Catholic or Protestant, and only reflected on the power and the mercy of the Creator, and on the miserable impotence and unworthiness of human nature. I thought on that *perfect Man*, who sacrificed his life for the benefit of his abandoned fellow-creatures, and I ate the bread in commemoration of his sufferings. My feelings were excited to a degree of intensity, which could not long have continued without causing madness. I wished to retire, but had not the power

to remove myself; on a sudden, some quarrel at the door respecting a dog which had been admitted into the church, turned the whole course of my ideas, and all the pomp and magnificence which had before produced so strong an effect on the mind, faded into nothingness and folly. I returned home dissatisfied and discontented. When I 'communed with my own heart in my chamber, and was still,' I reverted to the occurrence of the day. My body was renovated by rest and refreshment, and I could calmly review my feelings and the cause of them: how did all the magnificent spectacle I had witnessed sink into nothing, when compared with the humble prayer of a contrite heart! I was angry and dissatisfied with the conviction that pressed itself upon me, that the feelings which were at the moment so sublime and overwhelming, were really the result of corporeal, not of intellectual impressions; and that the same ceremony would have had no such effect had I been in health

and vigor. Yet the highest enjoyment of these blessings would not have incapacitated me for relishing and sympathizing with the ardent and unaffected piety, the saint-like purity of devotion which characterized the late Hugh Worthington, a man whose religious tenets I know not, but whose lively influential faith—whose energetic performance of his duties—whose exquisite simplicity of heart, and overpowering eloquence, rendered him a worthy member of the ministry of Christ, and an honour to human nature."

Whatever, Mr. Editor, may be thought of the former portion of this extract, I am persuaded the latter part will be acceptable to many of your readers; and gratifying as it is to meet with a tribute of respect to the memory of a beloved friend, a natural wish arises to extend the sphere of its circulation. Your insertion of the above will therefore much oblige

J. EVANS.

May 3, 1817.

DE COURCI.

From the European Magazine.

WE have understood that the author of this work is a young man in whom the *scintillæ* of a poetic genius have long been noticed with the approving voice of all who know him. And by a well-written and modest preface, we are informed from himself, that the contents of his book have been already sanctioned by the indulgence and flattering encomiums of illustrious patronage.

If we are not mistaken in our information, the author of this volume is the Mr. Thomson, who by his Odes and Addresses has given much flow of soul to those feasts of Reason, the festivals of our metropolitan charitable institutions. We see indeed, by the notifications of the Commemorative Addresses included in this volume, that his Muse has, with a kindred affection, united herself to the Christian grace of Charity; and we venture to affirm that by such generous efforts on his part, much efficient aid has been given to the sacred cause.

The first poem in the work before us is "*De Courci*," a metrical romance,

in two cantos. In this there is much demonstration of poetic thought; the subject is interesting, and the versification peculiarly harmonious and correct. The author in his preface informs us, that he "is indebted for the outline of his tale to the narrative of a fact recorded in the celebrated *Encyclopédie Méthodique*. It is, however, much altered, and some incidents are amplified, and some others entirely added: though the character of its principal features remains unchanged."—This narrative seems to be comprehended in the incidents of a reconciliation between two rival chieftains by the marriage of a son and daughter of their respective families;—the guilty secret of domestic murder, and the retribution of Divine Providence.—The poetic version of it consists of two cantos; and we must observe, that he who could render the facts so interesting, had fact enough to extend his poem beyond such narrow limits. We regret that he did not so extend it, as we are fully convinced, by the specimen with

which he has indulged us that his talent was equal to the task.

The rival Chieftains are De Courci and Montmorenci.—The union of their families and the cessation of their party feuds are effected by the marriage of *Adelaide*, De Courci's daughter, and *Victor*, Montmorenci's son.—The deed of murderous atrocity has been perpetrated by the parent of De Courci, who slew his father from an impulse of avaricious anxiety to anticipate the possessions of the family domain—he, in his turn, is confined for life by his son in a dilapidated part of the castle—and is discovered by St. Clair, the friend of Victor—to whom the guilty father tells his tale of assassination and remorse.—The retribution of divine justice is accomplished by the dreadful effects of a thunder-storm, in which the castle and all its inhabitants are destroyed on the bridal night.

These events Mr. Thomson has adorned with much brilliancy of imagery and poetical effect.

The opening of the poem is preceded by a very beautiful address to the genius under whose influence he writes :

"HARP OF ROMANCE! whose changeful
measures flow
Of blended feeling and of impulse high,
Kindles in youthful hearts a warmer glow,
And steals the dewy tear from Beauty's eye:
Oh! do not now such influence deny,
Though rude the hand that wakes thy sleeping
spell;
But, with thy notes of sweetest minstrelsy,
Breathe o'er the poet's page their magic
swell,
Inspire each gifted line, and grace the tale I
tell."

There is much aptitude of allusion in this invocation, and an unfeigned simplicity which unites poetic elegance with strength of diction. The poem opens with the following highly-finished description of an autumnal evening in *Provence*.

"FAIR PROVENCE!--whose elysian clime
Scarce feels the withering power of time,
But still, despite of fleeting years,
Green in eternal spring appears;
Each flowery vale in blossom still,
And lovely every vine-clad hill,
As if unblighted yet by vice,
Blooming like Eden's Paradise :

Fair Land!--when evening's milder beam
Flings its broad shadows o'er the stream,
How sweet to mark the daylight's close
Spread blushing stains on Alpine snows ;

To watch thy genial sun declining,
In every varied glory shining.

Each mountain brow, its beams enshrining
With tints more rich than morning knows :---
While clouds, of every form and dye,
Glance brightness on the raptured eye ;
Their hues with every moment changing,
Shifting their place,--their groups deranging,
Till fled, to gladden other spheres,
The golden pageant disappears,---
And, blest with evening's milder ray,
We scarce regret the loss of day.

No sound is wafted o'er the lake,
Its dark blue current's sleep to break ;
Where, lost in twilight's shroud of grey,
The landscape melts in mist away ;
Till on the Rhone's waves rising bright,
Shines the pale planet of the night,
Her thousand beams through ether straying,
And o'er the glistening waters playing :---
While, gemm'd with meteor sparks, the sky
Glow's like a fairy world on high,
Bespangled with unnumber'd rays,
That shed to earth their silver blaze :
Amidst the heaven's pure azure streaming,
O'er citron groves in beauty beaming,---
And darting through the veil of night,
Celestial flames of saintly light :---
Who ever saw a scene so fair,
Nor wish'd it fix'd immortal there ?
From such a spot no more to sever,
But gaze,---and wish to gaze for ever !"

The apostrophe to Connubial Love, which follows the reconciliation of the Houses of De Courci and Montmorenci, by the union of their junior branches, is worthy of a poet's pen, which describes the most intimate sympathies of the human bosom by the most interesting display of the chastened passion which actuates them.

"O Love!--Heaven's sweetest boon! bestow'd
To cheer our dreary pilgrim road ;
That with a changeless fervour glows
'Midst burning sands, or polar snows,---
Without thy soul-enchancing power,
Joyless was Eden's brightest bower ;
In vain its roses shed perfume
O'er fields of ever-during bloom ;
Every hope was sear'd and blighted,
Every bliss was disunited,
And Paradise was half unblest,
Till infant Love became a guest.

Where angel Beauty never smiled,
 The fairest spot on earth were wild;
 For love alone our home endears,
 Love softens e'en the grief of tears,
 Like erring creed of Moslem faith,
 Whose Houris soothe the pangs of death."
 -----Deep in the groves of Valombré,
 Where shadows mock the brightest day,
 The heirs of either House,---alone
 Had met,---conversed,---and loved, *unknown*;
 VICTOR had sworn to ADELAIDE,
 And pledged a faith no change could sever:
 And proud De Courci's dark-eyed maid
 Vow'd to be true,---and true for ever!"

The second Canto opens with an appeal to the reader's consciousness of the misery of disappointed hope,—and we will take upon ourselves to assume it as a feeling which few who have hearts to rejoice in the most amiable endearments of the soul will not instantly acknowledge as their own.

"Is there a heart o'er the green rolling billow,
 Whose chords with thine own were in unison strung
 The tear for whose lost falls at eve on thy pillow,
 The prayer for whose bliss dwells at morn on thy tongue?
 Oh, say! is there one in a far-distant clime,
 Whose memory survives all the changes of time?
 And though fated forever in distance to part,
 Yet lives in thy love, and is shrined in thy heart?
 And didst thou e'er weep when arose in thy breast,
 The thought, which e'en hope could not soothe into rest:
 That life might depart and its happiness glide,
 Yet the friend of thy youth would be still from thy side;
 And the ocean should flow, and the day-star should burn,
 But the joys of thy bosom should never return?-----
 Such moments are sad and the lightning which flies,
 Or, the thunder that rolls 'midst the storm of the skies,
 Hath no shaft so terrific,---no wound can impart,
 Like that, which their agony rends in the heart:---
 When in vain expectation our wishes decay,
 And our fond cherish'd visions all vanish away!"

The interview between St. Claire and the father of De Courci takes place in the bed-chamber of the former, who has been previously startled, at his first tetiring to repose, by the appearance of the latter;—the guilty father tells St.

Claire that he has been confined twenty years by his son:—St. Claire's feelings revolt at this unfilial act, and he offers to set him free;—the former then proceeds to the disclosure of the deed for which he had so long been doomed to captivity and chains;—

"Weep not for me!--there is a tale
 Would almost make your hearing fail;
 It has a voice within my breast,
 Which cannot,---will not be repress;
 Which bids me tell---Why shrinks my flesh?
 It quail'd not when the sin was fresh;
 It trembled not to strike the blow,
 It shrank not from the dead below;
 Yet now, it shudders to confess
 My untold deed of wickedness!--
 Turn your eyes here!--this blood,---these stains,
 They issued from a Father's veins!--
 Peace smiled upon my crimeless youth,
 But the fair vision wanted truth;
 I wish'd like----- Memory bleeds to tell,---
 I stabb'd him!--and my father fell!--"

The horror of St. Claire and the maddening remorse of De Courci are cut short by the increased violence of the tempest and the fall of the building, in the ruins of which the whole family are overwhelmed.

"De Courci paused,---and the tempest's roar
 Roll'd yet far louder than before.
 Why trembled the tower?---'twas a thunder-bolt's shock,
 That shiver'd the pile to its base on the rock;
 And full on each victim's devoted head,
 The wrath of Heaven's artillery spread,
 And its fire-shower fell in flakes of red,
 A moment more,---and there only lay
 Their mangled masses of shapeless clay!--
 Blue flashes of light through the casement broke,
 And the chamber was clouded with sulphurous smoke.
 The yawning roof in chasms rent,
 Received the fiery element,
 And shrieks, and prayers, and groans were blended,
 Where its volumed blaze ascended.
 Another crash! and the walls were riven,
 Widely and far were the fragments driven:
 Their crumbling stones in ruin were spread
 Around the dying, and over the dead:
 Scorch'd by the skies' own levin fire,
 Were guest and bridegroom,---Son and Sire,
 Their blackening ashes were strew'd on the ground,
 Wherever the wind went howling round.

It was as if the day of doom
 Piled Nature's ruins o'er her tomb!
 For the ghastly bones of the young and the
 fair,
 Were whiten'd in death by the storm-blast
 there;
 And no one escap'd in that hazardous hour,
 The wreck of the living,---the fall of their
 power.
 Now years upon years have flitted away,
 Dark moss has grown over the mounds of clay,
 And every relic with age is gray:---
 But remnants of pillars all shatter'd and broken,
 Still their awful end betoken.
 And yet will the Pilgrim pause to trace
 The scatter'd remains of that burial-place,
 Where moulders all the De Courci's race:---
 Where the doom of the Parricide's crime was
 given,
 And vengeance was written in fire from
 Heaven

The concluding lines, in continuation
 of the first address to "Provence," are
 certainly the best in the poem: and we
 cannot deny ourselves or our readers the
 gratification of extracting them.

"PROVENCE!--by every heart remember'd
 long.
 Scene of the Hero's fame, and Lover's lay;
 When erst thy Troubadours awoke the song
 With some wild legend and forgotten fray,
 Or made the festal moment yet more gay,
 When labour's duties had with evening
 ceased;
 Caroll'd their ballads to the closing day,
 To hail the swains' return from toil released,
 Or strung their tuneful harp to greet the vin-
 tage feast.

"In hall and bower their melodies were sung,
 Through each dark waving wood, and cul-
 tured plain:
 Thine olive vallies with their sonnets rung,
 And every echo gave the notes again.
 Romance, and song, and love-tales' glowing
 strain
 Breathed their soft cadence on the blue
 Rhone's shore;
 And dear to high-born lord, and peasant
 swain,
 Were Music's wandering bards in days of
 yore, [badour.
 When welcome ever hail'd the lowly Trou-

"On the bright margin of the swift Durance,
 What time the star-fires shot through twi-
 light's gloom;
 They sung the knightly chivalry of France,
 Her fruitful vineyards and her gardens'
 bloom.
 Hymn'd the sad requiem to that hapless doom,
 Which joined in death the lovers of Vau-
 cluse!
 Twining grief's minstrel garlands round their
 tomb,

D ATHENEUM, Vol. 2.

Where many an holy tear its shrine bedews,
 And Eloisa's fate is mourn'd by every Muse.

"Loved Land, farewell!--nor blame me for
 the wrong
 Thy charms have suffered from this idle
 rhyme;

Though an all-feeble Minstrel weaves the
 song,
 That tells strange legends of thine earlier
 time,
 When feudal power was stain'd with feudal
 crime,

And e'en thy flowery paths were track'd
 with blood;
 Deeds all unmeet for such celestial clime,
 Whose beauties live alike in field and flood,
 On sky-capt mountain's height, and mulberry
 shaded wood.

"Land of Romance!--a last, a long adieu,
 Thy scenes are fading from my sight away,
 Nor dare my skillless touch their themes renew,
 While on the breeze my fitful notes decay,
 As sinks the western sunbeam's golden ray,
 To veil its glories in the ocean's swell;
 E'en with that rude breeze dies my ruder lay,
 Awaking fancy bursts her fairy spell,
 And the Muse bids her own romantic land---
 Farewell!"

The Commemorative Addresses are
 all well written and judiciously applied;
 we select one, recited at the anniversary
 festival of "the Artists' General Bene-
 volent Institution," on June 4th, 1816:

"How pure, how fadeless is the halo flame,
 That beams its radiance o'er the Artist's name;
 Where, bright with Inspiration's kindling rays,
 The star of Genius sheds its warmest blaze!

"'Tis Genius strikes the Bard of Nature's
 shell,
 Whose magic numbers weave the Muses spell,
 Inspires the gifted Poets tale of tears,
 And wakes his melodies of vanish'd years.---
 'Tis Genius bids the pencil's shadows flow,
 Gleam on the page, or on the canvas glow,
 With mimic life arrays the storied scene,
 Where future times see what the past have
 been.

Traced in its splendors of the rainbow's light,
 What fairy visions greet the raptur'd sight!
 Heroes and sages quit the mouldering tomb,
 And Spring's gay sweets in changeless beauty
 bloom;
 E'en from Oblivion's rage can Painting save,
 And its proud pencil triumph o'er the grave!

"Science and Art a new creation give,
 Breathe on the stone, and bid the marble live,
 In sculptured bronze record the Conqueror's
 fame,
 On the high column fix his mighty name;
 Rear the wide dome, the vaulted arch expand
 And spread the glories of a glorious land.

"In life, in death, eternal honours spread,
Fame's meteor brightness round its votary's
head;
Though, like the stormy sun-burst's flitting
ray,
A varying lot may mark his chequer'd day,
When doom'd to struggle with misfortune's
strife,
---Another victim to the ills of life!
'Midst ceaseless study, Time unheeded flies,
And his Art triumphs,---but the Artist dies!

"See at the hillock where his ashes sleep,
Those sorrowing babes and mourning widow
weep;
Beneath that turf whose flowers so vainly
bloom,
Each bliss lies buried in a parent's tomb.
And *there*, too soon, may poverty's decree
Lay the young saplings with the blasted tree.
Unaided shall they fall?--No! You will hear
The mother's anguish, and her infants' prayer,
When in their souls' dread agony they sue,---
When their last earthly hope is fixed on you,
You will forbid the sinking heart to break,
And bless the orphan for his Father's sake.

"Beloved England!----'tis our proudest
boast,
That Pity's angel sanctifies thy coast,
And on this day, to England doubly dear,
Should every tender feeling mingle here;
Then whilst we hail, with joy and minstrel-
strain
The hour that marks our Sovereign's birth
again,
Oh! let a nation's prayers with rapture
spring,
Imploring blessings on our virtuous King!
From him that blaze of Charity we trace
Which sheds its influence o'er his royal race;
And long may heaven's protecting arm defend
His People's Father, and the Artist's Friend!"

Most of these Addresses have been written for anniversaries of the several Institutions of which the royal Brothers are Patrons or Benefactors; Mr. Thomson, as Honorary Secretary to his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, for Charities, has thus evinced, by the talent which he possesses, the interest which he feels in that great cause of national beneficence which his Illustrious Principal, and every Member of the throne, countenance with a benevolence of heart and earnestness of support which dignify the splendor of personal rank by the hallowed elevation of Christian character.

Among the miscellaneous poems of this volume are several of considerable

merit; but we reluctantly yield to the necessity of contracting our notice of them within the limits of our pages—and must content ourselves with one selection.

"THE HOUR OF PERIL.

If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd
death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high; and plunge again as low
As depths from Heaven!--

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN darkness clouds the angry deep,
And thunders break the seaman's sleep,
By danger roused, he braves the storm
Where Peril rears her direst form.
The signal gun, discharged in vain,
But mocks the roaring of the main;---
Till from afar the Life-boat nears,
Each bosom's drooping courage cheers!
And safe on shore, forgot is every toil,
Consoled by woman's love, and friendship's
smile!

In war's red field, where loud alarms
Repeat the battle-cry---To arms!
Where Fate demands his victim's breath,
And friends and foes are join'd in death,
Grim vultures wait their destined prey,
And carnage marks the closing day:---
But when, the fearful conflict o'er,
Each soldier seeks his wish'd-for shore,
He feels that home will every care beguile,
With angel woman's love, and friendship's
smile!"

From the extracts which we have given, our readers will allow us to appeal to their judgment for the justice of our unqualified approval of Mr. Thomson's work:—and the author will not, perhaps, refuse our congratulations when we add, upon the pledge of our impartial opinion, that he need not shrink from the critic's eye, nor suffer his modesty to question the merit of his Muse. We have, however, one boon to beg of him, in behalf of the public—that he would apply himself to a subject of more importance, and give to the world some regular poem, which we are well assured his genius and his talents are amply competent to produce; and if we may be allowed to suggest the subject, we should mention—Charity.

June 1817.

ECONOMY OF FRENCH COOKERY.

From the Monthly Magazine.

Meaux, in France ; Dec. 11, 1816.

IN this neighbourhood nearly all the cottagers are land-owners, that is, possess from half an acre to five acres, and the cultivation of these little spots occupies their time, and the produce keeps their families. Three-fifths of the land is planted with vines, hence we may conclude the general distress in this season of scarcity. To alleviate it a little the crop of potatoes is every where abundant, and poor families boil half a-peck of potatoes, a couple of cabbages, and half a pound of bacon, which forms their breakfast, dinner, and supper. It is unnecessary to state the quality of the soup made from such materials, a little improved by two or three carrots and a roasted onion. Such is their fare, and must be during the winter. Labour is also extremely cheap, a man will go thirty miles with his horse and cart, laden both ways, for 7s.; and a master gardener earns only 18*d.* per diem, providing his own food. Female labour is from 5*d.* to 7½*d.* per day; the hire of a horse for work, (a sort of galloway), is 30 sous, (15*d.*); and of an ass, 7½*d.* It is an old adage, that three Frenchmen would live where one Englishman would starve—it is very true, and live well. An Englishman will broil a stake and lose all the fine delicious juice in the fire; a Frenchman will boil half the quantity with vegetables, have good broth for three persons, and meat enough for all; or he will fry it, and, with the juice of the meat left in the frying pan, he will make a better soup than is frequently to be found in English coffee-houses at a shilling per bason. In a French kitchen, whether great or small, nothing is wasted; and a French cook would think it the sin against the Holy Ghost, from which even the Pope would not absolve him, were he to waste or sell his dripping.

We say, the French have no word to express comfort; true, but they have the idea and practise it, while we too often content ourselves with the name; for instance, a poor woman who keeps a

stall in a market from morning to night, how miserable is her situation in England, she never has a comfortable meal; look at a French market-woman, she has a morsel of meat and a few vegetables, perhaps only two ounces of bacon, beef, or mutton; she has a little earthen furnace like a flower-pot, and a penny-worth of charcoal, she stews her morsel at her feet in an earthen saucepan, and with a little bread has two or three warm comfortable meals, while the charcoal keeps her feet warm all day. Can we doubt then as to the relative degree of comfort enjoyed by the French and English women?

In England, if a poor man has no home to dress his victuals, he buys a morsel of indifferent meat at the market, and takes it to a public-house to dress, where he spends his time and his money, and forms bad connexions. In the parts of Paris, inhabited by the labouring classes, women have stalls with frying-pans, gridirons, chops, herrings, potatoes, (fried), &c. &c. where, for two-pence, a poor man may make a tolerable repast. The gridiron is on the fire, and, for one half-penny beyond the cost of the meat, or fish, it is nicely fried. The writer of this article has frequently stood by and admired the dexterity, the cleanliness, and economy of these persons: he has left the scene, gone to a *restaurateur's*, ordered the same things for his dinner, costing him three shillings, and found them neither so well dressed nor so well served. As England suffers from scarcity, these hints, circulated by the Monthly Magazine, may produce much comfort amongst the lower classes; and, in keeping persons from public-houses, where they now are often obliged to go from necessity, public morals will, undoubtedly, be benefitted. The scheme would take at first from its novelty, and be continued from its evident utility, as persons would thus make a better meal for three-pence than they now do often for a shilling.

S. T. Y.

LETTERS FROM A FATHER TO HIS SON.

From the European Magazine.

LETTER III.

My dear Son,

IN my last I addressed you somewhat at large upon the disposal of your time: but time is so important and extensive a subject, and embraces so many considerations essentially blended with a young man's happiness, that I must take leave to trespass a little farther upon your attention, by entering more particularly into its discussion, and applying it peculiarly to your situation. I would hope, dear G—, that you will not think me presuming too far upon my own experience, if I insist more seriously upon this topic than what may perhaps appear to you to be necessary. Remember, a parent is the treasurer of his child's possessions, and it is his duty to provide that the store be not diminished by careless inconsiderateness on the part of either. Of these possessions, time may rightly be regarded as the most precious, since it materially depends upon the right use of this inestimable talent, whether the rest prove profitable or pernicious.

Suffer me, then, to dwell somewhat at length upon what I esteem as its due application; and should you now feel that I attach more restrictions to your disposal of it than are warranted by your youthful feelings, I have no hesitation in promising you, that your compliance with them will insure you the best satisfactions in your earlier progress through life, and the happiest consolations at that period of it, when your own experience shall justify these admonitions which mine most earnestly recommends to your most solemn reflections.

There are few persons, my dear G—, who are engaged in the industrious associations of life, that do not frame to themselves a standard of gain, either of present possession or future prospect, by which they calculate the value and profit of their labour; and the index that graduates the scale is their time.—“I can make more of my time,” is the common reply of such individuals, if they consider the proffered remuneration or wages of their services, below the rate at

which they themselves estimate the time consumed in the performance of them. There is nothing more just than such an answer, and nothing more wise than the consideration on which it is grounded: for he who surrenders his time, gives up the most valuable property he can possess; and he, in whose employ it is expended, adds it to his own, and makes a proportionate advantage of the aggregate.

It seems, then, that even in the most subordinate appropriations of time, its value is most accurately appreciated by those who barter it for pecuniary recompense; but how much more scrupulously ought every hour and minute to be weighed by those who possess the facility of applying it to the higher purposes of intellectual attainment! purposes, which, so far from placing them in subordination to others, raise them above the general level of society.

A young man of education, in whatever medium he may be called upon to exert himself as an active member of the community to which he belongs, may fairly be supposed to be actuated by that emulous desire of distinguishing himself, which peculiarly characterises the native energy of youth. He will not, therefore, make a senseless sacrifice of the most efficient means which he possesses of securing such distinction. And when he finds that he has sufficient disposal of his time to improve the advantages which he possesses in a superior degree over his compeers in the department of his personal employ, he will not rest satisfied, if he has any laudable ambition, until he extends this superiority beyond the mere limits of official agency. The prospective value of his time, will be the scale by which he will estimate it; and the annual stipend which he receives for his intermediate application of it, will not be regarded by him as making its positive worth. By this prospective value, I would be understood as referring to that improvement of his time, which may so prepare him for any advance of situation, that whenever the promotion is placed within his reach, he may not be deterred from seeking it, by any con-

sciousness of inability or hazard the favourable disposition of those who can bestow it, by any known disqualification consequent of an idle or inconsiderate neglect of his opportunities.

If these remarks have any claim to your attention, I would ground it upon the following corollary to the proposition from which they originate;—That if he who employs his time in the service of others, calculates its worth with so much precision, he who has the power of appropriating it to his own more immediate advantage, ought not to be less considerate in his application of it. But you will perhaps tell me that whoever makes a pecuniary profit of his time, may be regarded as employing it to his own benefit; and that you are doing this while you receive in return for your attendance six or eight hours in the day, an equivalent salary, and that when these hours are elapsed, you have a right to dispose of the remaining part in throwing away your earnings upon what you consider as a requisite recreation of your mind after the fatigues of its daily toil.

I should not find much difficulty in admitting your answer, could I be assured that such recreation were not more calculated to corrupt and dissipate the thoughts, than to recruit and renovate the mind; and did not this consequent present itself to my reflection, that, while you are occupied six hours in business, at a certain salary, and your leisure hours are squandered in the unprofitable pursuits of dissipation, you are, as it were, throwing the remainder of your time into the bargain, and for eighty of a hundred pounds a year so consumed, you are contented to sacrifice the best part of your life. How much wiser do those think and act, who, in their plodding calculations of the *quid pro quo* tell us “they can make more of their time.”

And how much more, my dear G——, may not you make of *your* time! I do not mean in a pecuniary way—you are paid for your industry as much as the usefulness of your exertions can justly demand—and for six or eight hours' daily employment, the remuneration is quite sufficient; your responsibility being all comprehended in your punctuality of attendance and accuracy of transcript;

and indeed, if what you receive as the wages of your service, is to be used only for providing the supplies to your pleasures, I should not hesitate to pronounce, that it is a great deal too much to be left at the disposal of any youth, who from living under a paternal roof, and at a paternal board, has no other demands upon his purse, than what are indispensable to keep his wardrobe in moderate repair. Much money is a possession as dangerous to a young man, as much leisure, if the one be not prudentially economized, and the other wisely improved; the profligate waste of the one, leads to the pernicious abuse of the other; and vicious inclination is too often found to be commensurate with the means of indulgence. But the ruinous facilities of both may be avoided by the right application of your time; or, in the best sense of the phrase, “by making the most of it.” And how is this to be done? I will tell you.

Divide it regularly;

Employ it profitably;

Apply it sedulously;

Redeem it anxiously.

Divide it regularly.

Business, study, and recreation, make up the sum of a young man's occupation of time. In the first rank of his engagements ought to be placed the pledge which he has given to his employers, to fulfil the duties attached to his situation. This, therefore, constitutes the first division of his time—and this division will comprehend the hours of attendance. That it may not trench upon the regularity of his system, he will take care to accomplish all he has to do within the given period; and that he may effect this, he will not allow any unseasonable interruption which he can prevent, to interfere with his purpose: he will reflect that he is of no other importance in his office, than as he fulfils the duties of his peculiar department; but that while he continues to perform these, he secures to himself the important character of a young man who can be depended upon. In office hours, therefore, he must have no other concern than that which relates to his official business—and every other object must be rejected as an irrelevant intrusion upon his attention.

Now, my dear G——, you are thus

occupied six hours in a day, and you are solemnly bound, by an honourable sense of your compact, to apply them to the service of your engagement. It seldom happens, I believe, that in your office the pressure of business exceeds the opportunities which the hours set apart for its execution afford for its completion. You may, therefore, reckon upon the entire possession of the rest of the day for your independent application to your own peculiar purposes:—whatever these purposes may be, therefore, do not suffer them to distract your thoughts, or divert your attention from that official direction of both to which both ought to be conformed; but content yourself with the conviction that you have time enough in the rest of the day to attend to them.

By this arrangement, pressure will not produce hurry, nor will hurry, should it occur from any extraordinary cause, implicate you in desultory or inaccurate performance of your duty.

By dividing your time, you reduce all your pursuits into a regular system of action; you prevent their interfering with and confounding each other; and, what is of greater consequence than all this, you effectually obviate all that long train of disabilities which invariably follow from *procrastination*, that “thief of time” as Young very aptly calls it. Your hours of business, therefore, must be applied to business only—and I should advise you not to fall into that custom which prevails among young men, of making appointments with their young acquaintance to meet at their place of business upon the most trifling occasions; and carrying thither books either of frivolous import, or of a less justifiable description.

This caution, unnecessary as it may appear, will assume some shape of importance, when it is recollected that every interruption produces delay in business. The value of your time will never be duly appreciated by those who take no account of their own; and while *they* think they have hours to spare, they will not reflect that you have not a moment to lose. Such impertinents you should brush away as you would the fly that lights upon the paper on which you are writing.

Your private letters also are as much out of place, if you are in the habit of

reading and answering them at your desk—and books or parcels which have nothing to do with the affairs of your office, should not be admitted among your public papers; the mixture does not bespeak the man of business, and this is the only character in which you should be known at such hours; and here I would protest against that idle practice of many of your brother clerks who are in the habit of keeping books of light or vicious reading in their desks, with which they waste many a half-hour that might and ought to be otherwise employed. Such a practice is apt to produce an estrangement of thought that detaches them from their occupation, and unfits them for that deliberative part of it which is at all times requisite, even in its most cursory claims upon their attention. Let it not be thought by you that I carry this subject too far, and strain it beyond its general importance, by minutiae which, in your opinion, have no influence upon the common progress of the business of office;—for the fact is, my dear G——, that in whatever station a young man is placed, his mind displays itself more by such deviations, than by the graver exercises of his employ—these he is well aware if not performed with due consideration, give a stamp to his character at once, and therefore he keeps himself upon his guard, while he concludes, that he may indulge in the former without any danger of committing himself to the censure of his employers. But all such indulgences, if continued, are very likely to clothe his proceedings with that desultory air, which, in time, will grow into character, and will go a great way towards diminishing the estimate of his official usefulness, or personal worth. Steadiness in a youth is a qualification which is held in much higher esteem by his superiors, than that sort of quickness which he is in the habit of depending upon for getting up his lost time, and supplying those consequent omissions which a uniform tenor of settled application would have enabled him to avoid.

This steadiness is the satisfactory ground of their confidence, but this quickness, while they perceive it to be the resource of his irregularity, will always deter them from giving him any agency of extraordinary trust; you will

therefore do well to avoid this common error of young men similarly situated with yourself; because whatever of your private pursuits mixes itself with your public duties, will be sure to im-

Concluded in our next.

plicate you in some inconvenient trespass upon the time allotted for the avocations of your employ, and in that proportion the execution of them will be imperfect, and incomplete.

ON THE VIRTUES OF COFFEE.

From the European Magazine.

IT is a generally-received opinion, that the human frame is not less influenced by diet, than by climate; that its disposition, and characteristics, owe their originality as much to food, as those diseases evidently do, which are the legitimate and indisputable issue of it.

If the preceding position be just, there cannot surely be a subject more interesting to man, than the pursuit of that knowledge which may instruct him to avoid what is hurtful to health, to select for his use such things as tend to raise the value of his condition, and to carry the enjoyments of life to their utmost improvement.

In England, the use of this berry hitherto has been principally confined to the occasional luxury of individuals; as such, it is scarcely an object of public concern; but government, wisely considering that this produce of our own West India islands is raised by our fellow-subjects, and paid for in our own manufactures, has lately reduced the duty on the importation of plantation coffee; which has brought it within the reach of almost every description of people; and as it is not liable to any pernicious process in curing it, and is incapable of adulteration, the use of it will probably become greatly extended; as in other countries, it may diffuse itself among the mass of the people, and make a considerable ingredient in their daily sustenance.

The extraordinary influence that coffee, judiciously prepared, imparts to the stomach, from its tonic and invigorating qualities, is strongly exemplified by the immediate effect produced on taking it, when the stomach is overloaded with food, or nauseated with surfeit, or debilitated by intemperance.

To constitutionally weak stomachs, it affords a pleasing sensation; it accele-

rates the process of digestion, corrects crudities, and removes the colic and flatulencies.

Besides its effect in keeping up the harmony of the gastrick powers, it diffuses a general warmth that cherishes the animal spirits, and takes away the listlessness and languor which so greatly embitter the hours of nervous people, after any deviation to excess, fatigue, or irregularity.

From the warmth and efficacy of coffee in attenuating the viscid fluids, and increasing the vigour of the circulation, it has been used with great success in the *fluor albus*, in the dropsy, and in worm complaints; and in those comatose, anasarca, and such other diseases as arise from unwholesome food, want of exercise, weak fibres, and obstructed perspiration.

There are but few people who are not informed of its utility for the head-ache; the steam sometimes is very useful to mitigate pains of the head:—in the West Indies, where the violent species of head-ache, such as cephalæa, hemicrania, and clavus, are more frequent and more severe than in Europe, coffee is the only medicine that gives relief. Opiates are sometimes used, but coffee has an advantage that opium does not possess; it may be taken in all conditions of the stomach; and at all times by women, who are most subject to the complaints; as it dissipates those congestions and obstructions that are frequently the cause of the disease, and which opium is known to increase, when its temporary relief is past.

Coffee having the admirable property of promoting perspiration, it allays thirst, and checks preternatural heat.

The great use of coffee in France is supposed to have abated the prevalency of the gravel.

In the French Colonies, where coffee

is more used than with the English, as well as in Turkey, where it is the principal beverage, not only the gravel, but the gout, those tormentors of so many of the human race, are scarce known.

It has been found useful in quieting the tickling vexatious cough that often accompanies the small-pox, and other eruptive fevers. A dish of strong coffee, without milk or sugar, taken frequently in the paroxysm of an asthma, abates the fit: and I have often known it to remove the fit entirely. Sir John Floyer, who had been afflicted with the asthma from the seventeenth year of his age until he was upwards of fourscore, found no remedy in all his elaborate researches, until the latter part of his life, when he obtained it by coffee.

Prepared strong and clear, and diluted with a great portion of boiled milk, it becomes a highly nutritious and balsamic diet; proper in hectic, pulmonic, and all complaints where a milk diet is useful; and is a great restorative to constitutions emaciated by the gout and other chronic disorders.

Long watching and intense study are wonderfully supported by it, and without the ill consequences that succeed the suspension of rest and sleep, when the nervous influence has nothing to sustain it.

Bacon says, "coffee comforts the head and heart, and helps digestion." Dr. Willis says, "being daily drank, it wonderfully clears and enlightens each part of the soul, and disperses all the clouds of every function." The celebrated Dr. Hervey used it often; Voltaire lived almost on it; and the learned and sedentary of every country have recourse to it to refresh the brain, oppressed by study and contemplation.

It is not to be expected that coffee should escape objections; and among its most furious enemies was Simon Paulli; but he founded his prejudice against coffee, as he had his prejudices against tea, chocolate, and sugar, not on experience, but on anecdotes that he had picked up by hasty travellers, which had no other foundation than absurd report and conjecture:—but on these absurd tales this learned man confesses he supported a notion that coffee (like tea to the Chinese) acted as a great drier to the Persians, and abated aphrodisiacal warmth. This

opinion has been received, and propagated from him, as he received and propagated it from its fabulous origin. The facts have been refuted by Du Four, and many travellers.

Sir Thomas Herbert, who was several years in the East, tells us that the Persians have a different opinion of coffee:—"They say, that coffee comforts the brain, expels melancholy and sleep, purges choler, lightens the spirits, and begets an excellent concoction: and, by custom, becomes delicious. But all these virtues do not conciliate their liking of it so much, as the romantic notion, that it was invented and brewed by the ANGEL GABRIEL to restore Mahomet's decayed moisture, which it did effectually.

A subject like coffee, possessed of active principles and evident operations, must necessarily be capable of misapplication and abuse; and there must be particular habits which these operations disturb. Slare says he used it in *too great excess*, and it affected his nerves; but Dr. Fothergill, who was a sensible man, and did not use it too great excess, though he was of a very delicate habit, and could not use tea, drank coffee "almost constantly for many years, without receiving any inconvenience from it."

But the history of particular cases sometimes serves but to prove, that mankind are not all organized alike; and that the sympathy of one, and the antipathy of another, ought by no means to render useless that infinite variety which pervades all nature; and with which the earth is blessed in the vegetable creation. Were it so, physic would acquire but little aid from the toils of philosophers, when philosophy had no other incitement to labour than barren speculation.

It has long been a custom with many people among us, to add mustard to their coffee: mustard, or aromatics, may, with great propriety, be added in flatulent, languid, and scorbutic constitutions; and particularly by invalids, and in such cases where warmth or stimulus is required.

The Eastern nations add either cloves, cinnamon, cardamoms, cummin-seed, or essence of amber, &c. but neither milk or sugar. Milk and sugar, without the aromatics, are generally used with it in

Europe, America, and the West India Islands, except when taken after dinner; then the method of the French is commonly followed, and the milk is omitted.

A cup or two thus taken after dinner, without cream or milk, promotes digestion, and has been found very serviceable to those who are habitually costive. If a draught of water is taken before coffee, according to the eastern custom, it gives it a tendency to act as an aperient.

If a knowledge of the principles of coffee, founded on examination and various experiments, added to observations made on the extensive and indiscriminate use of it, cannot authorise us to attribute to it any particular circumstance unfriendly to the human frame:—if the

unerring test of experience has confirmed its utility, in many countries, not exclusively productive of those inconveniences, habits, and diseases, for which its peculiar properties seem most applicable:—let those properties be duly considered, and let us reflect on the state of our atmosphere, the food and mode of life of the inhabitants, so injurious to youth and beauty, filling the large towns and cities with chronic infirmities; and I think it will be evident what advantages will result from the general use of coffee in England, as an article of diet, from the comforts of which the poor are not excluded, and to what purposes it may often be employed, as a safe and powerful medicine.

London; April 8, 1817.

DR. CAREY ON A COFFEE SIMMERER.

From La Belle Assemblée.

MR. EDITOR,

THE use of *coffee* becoming every day more extensive in this country, I presume that any suggestion for the improvement of that pleasant and salubrious beverage cannot be unacceptable to the public. Under that persuasion, I beg leave to communicate a method of coffee-making, which I have long practised, and which I find to answer my purpose better than any other; although I have tried several, and bestowed on the subject a share of attention, which your readers will hardly deem censurable, when apprised that coffee has, for the last three years, been my only beverage, except morning and evening tea.

My process is that of simmering over the small but steady flame of a lamp; a process at once simple, easy, and uniformly productive of an extract so grateful to the palate and the stomach as to leave me neither the want nor desire of any stronger liquor. But to accomplish this, a vessel of peculiar construction is requisite. Mine is a straight-sided pot, as wide at top as at bottom, and inclosed in a case of similar shape, to which it is soldered air-tight at the top. The case is above an inch wider than the pot; descends somewhat less than an inch below it, and is entirely open at the

bottom; thus admitting and confining a body of hot air all round and underneath the pot: the lid is double, and the vessel is, of course, furnished with a convenient handle and spout.

The extract may be made either with hot or cold water. If intended for speedy use hot water will be proper, but not actually boiling; and, the powdered coffee being added, nothing remains but to close the lid tight, to stop the spout with a cork, and place the vessel over the lamp, where it may remain unattended until the coffee is wanted for immediate use. It may then be strained through a bag of stout coarse linen, which will transmit the liquid so perfectly clear as not to contain the smallest particle of the powder. The strainer is tied round the mouth of an open cylinder, or tube, which is fitted into the mouth of the coffee-pot that is to receive the fluid, as a streamer is fitted into the mouth of a saucepan; and if the coffee-pot have a cock near the bottom, the liquid may be drawn out as fast and as hot as it flows from the strainer.

If the coffee be not intended for speedy use, as is the case with me, who have my simmerer placed over my night lamp at bed-time, to produce the beverage which I am to drink the next day at dinner and supper time; in such cases cold water

may be used with equal, or perhaps superior advantage.

With respect to the lamp, although a fountain lamp is undoubtedly preferable, any of the common small lamps which are seen in every tin-shop, will answer the purpose, provided that it contain a sufficiency of oil to continue burning bright during the requisite length of time. The tube, or burner, of my lamp is little more than one-eighth of an inch in diameter; and this at the distance of one inch and three quarters below the bottom of the pot, with the wick little more than one-eighth of an inch high, and with pure spermaceti oil, has invariably performed, as above described, without requiring any trimming or other attention, and without producing any smoke; whereas if the wick was too high, or the oil not good, the certain consequences would be smoke, soot, and extinction.

One material advantage attending this mode of coffee-making is, that a smaller quantity of the powdered berry is requisite to give the desired strength to the liquor. The common methods require that the powder be coarse, in which state it does not give out its virtues so completely as if it were ground finer; whereas in this process it may be used as fine as it can conveniently be made; and the finer it is the smaller will be the quantity required, or the richer the extract, as I have agreeably experienced, since I have been enabled by the new invention of Messrs. Deakin and Duncan, of Ludgate-hill, to have my coffee at once reduced to the proper degree of fineness by a single operation, without the tedious labour of a second grinding with the mill tightened.—I am, Sir, yours, &c. JOHN CAREY.

June 1817.

THE LAMENT OF TASSO.

BY LORD BYRON.

At Ferrara (in the library) are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso's *Gierusalemme* and of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, with letters of Tasso, one from Titian to Ariosto; and the inkstand and chair, the tomb and the house, of the latter. But as misfortune has a greater interest for posterity, and little or none for the contemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined in the hospital of St. Anna attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of Ariosto—at least, it had this effect on me. There are two inscriptions, one on the outer gate, the second over the cell itself, inviting, unnecessarily, the wonder and the indignation of the spectators. Ferrara is much decayed, and depopulated; the castle still exists entire; and I saw the court where Parisina and Hugo were beheaded, according to the annal of Gibbon.

I.

LONG years! -- It tries the thrilling frame to bear
An eagle-spirit of a Child of Song---
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
Imputed madness, prisoned solitude,
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,
When the impatient thirst of light and air
Parches the heart; and the abhorred grate,
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,
Works thro' the throbbing eyeball to the brain
With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;
And bare, at once, Captivity displayed
Stands scoffing thro' the never-opened gate,
Which nothing thro' its bars admits, save day
And tasteless food, which I have eat alone
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;
And I can banquet like a beast of prey,
Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave
Which is my lair, and---it may be---my grave.

All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;
For I have battled with mine agony,
And made me wings wherewith to overfly
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall,
And revelled among men and things divine,
And poured my spirit over Palestine,
In honour of the sacred war for him,
The God who was on earth and is in heaven,
For he hath strengthened me in heart and limb.
That thro' this sufferance I might be forgiven,
I have employed my penance to record
How Salem's shrine was won, and how adored.

II.

But this is o'er---my pleasant task is done:---
My long-sustaining friend of many years!
If I do blot thy final page with tears,
Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
And wooed me from myself with thy sweet sight,
Thou too art gone---and so is my delight;
And therefore do I weep and only bleed
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
Thou too art ended---what is left me now?
For I have anguish yet to bear---and how?
I know not that---but in the innate force
Of my own spirit shall be found resource.
I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
Nor cause for such: they call me mad---and why?
Oh Leonora! wilt not thou reply?
I was indeed delirious in my heart
To lift my love so lofty as thou art;

But still my frenzy was not of the mind ;
I knew my fault, and feel my punishment
Not less because I suffer it unbent.
That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,
Hath been the sin which shuts me from man-
kind :

But let them go, or torture as thy will,
My heart can multiply thine image still ;
Successful love may sate itself away,
The wretched are the faithful ; 't is their fate
To have all feeling save the one decay,
And every passion into one dilate,
As rapid rivers into oceans pour ;
But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

III.

Above me, hark ! the long and maniac cry
Of minds and bodies in captivity.
And hark ! the lash and the increasing howl,
And the half-inarticulate blasphemy !
There be some here with worse than frenzy
foul

Some who do still goad on the o'er-laboured
mind.

And dim the little light that's left behind
With needless torture, as their tyrant will
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill ;
With these and with their victims am I classed.
'Mid sounds and sights like these long years
have passed ;

'Mid sights and sounds like these my life may
close ;

So let it be---for then I shall repose.

IV.

I have been patient, let me be so yet ;
I have forgotten half I would forget,
But it revives---oh ! would it were my lot
To be forgetful as I am forgot !
Feel I not wroth with those who bade me
dwell

In this vast lazarus-house of many woes ?
Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the
mind,

Nor words a language, nor e'en men mankind ;
Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,
And each is tortured in his separate hell---
For we are crowded in our solitudes---
Many, but each divided by the wall,
Which echoes Madness in her babbling
moods ;---

While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's
call---

None ! save that One, the veriest wretch of
all,

Who was not made to be the mate of these,
Nor bound between Distraction and Disease.
Feel I not wroth with those who placed me
here ?

Who have debased me in the minds of men,
Debarring me the usage of my own,
Blighting my life in best of its career,
Branding my thoughts as things to shun and
fear ?

Would I not pay them back these pangs again,
And teach them inward sorrow's stifled groan ?
The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,
Which undermines our stoical success ?
No !---still too proud to be vindictive---I
Have pardoned princes' insults, and would die.
Yes, Sister of my Sovereign ! for thy sake
I weed all bitterness from out my breast,
It hath no business where *thou* art a guest ;
Thy brother hates---but I can not detest ;
Thou pitiest not---but I can not forsake.

V.

Look on a love which knows not to despair,
But all unquenched is still my better part,
Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart

As dwells the gathered lightning in its cloud,
Encompassed with its dark and rolling shroud,
Till struck,---forth flies the all-ethereal dart !
And thus at the collision of thy name [frame,
The vivid thought still flashes through my
And for a moment all things as they were
Flit by me ;---they are gone---I am the same.
And yet my love without ambition grew ;
I knew thy state, my station, and I knew
A princess was no love-mate for a bard ;
I told it not, I breathed it not, it was
Sufficient to itself, its own reward :
And if my eyes revealed it, they, alas :
Were punished by the silentness of thine,
And yet I did not venture to repine.
Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,
Worshipped at holy distance, and around
Hallowed and meekly kissed the saintly
ground ;

Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love
Had robed thee with a glory, and arrayed
Thy lineaments in beauty that dismayed---
Oh ! not dismayed---but awed, like One above ;
And in that sweet severity there was
A something which all softness did surpass---
I know not how---thy genius mastered mine---
My star stood still before thee :---if it were
Presumptuous thus to love without design,
That sad fatality hath cost me dear ;
But thou art dearest still, and I should be
Fit for this cell, which wrongs me, but for *thee*.
The very love which locked me to my chain
Hath lightened half its weight ; and for the rest,
Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,
And look to thee with undivided breast,
And foil the ingenuity of Pain.

VI.

It is no marvel---from my very birth
My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade
And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth ;
Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,
Where I did lay me down within the shade
Of waving trees, and dreamed uncounted hours
Tho' I was chid for wandering ; and the wise
Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said
Of such materials wretched men were made,
And such a truant boy would end in woe,
And that the only lesson was a blow ;
And then they smote me, and I did not weep,
But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt
Returned and wept alone, and dreamed again
The visions which arise without a sleep.
And with my years my soul began to pant
With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain ;
And the whole heart exhaled into One Want,
But undefined and wandering, till the day
I found the thing I sought---and that was *thee* ;
And then I lost my being all to be
Absorbed in thine---the world was past away---
Thou didst annihilate the earth to me !

VII.

I loved all solitude---but little thought
To spend I know not what of life, remote
From all communion with existence, save
The maniac and his tyrant ; had I been
Their fellow, many years ere this had seen
My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave,
But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave ?
Perchance in such a cell we suffer more
Than the wretched sailor on his desert shore ;
The world is all before him---mine is *here*,
Scarce twice the space they must accord my
bier.

What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye,
And with a dying glance upbraid the sky---

I will not raise my own in such reproof,
Although 'tis clouded by my dungeon roof.

VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,
But with a sense of its decay :—I see
Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
And a strange demon, who is vexing me
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
The feeling of the healthful and the free ;
But much to One, who long hath suffered so,
Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
And all that may be borne, or can debase.
I thought mine enemies had been but man,
But spirits may be leagued with them---all
Earth

Abandons---Heaven forgets me--in the dearth
Of such defence the Powers of Evil can,
It may be, tempt me further, and prevail
Against the outworn creature they assail.
Why in this furnace is my spirit proved
Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved?
Because I loved what not to love, and see,
Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

IX.

I once was quick in feeling---that is o'er---
My scars are callous, or I should have dashed
My brain against these bars as the sun flashed
In mockery through them;---if I bear and bore
The much I have recounted, and the more
Which hath no words, 'tis that I would not die
And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie
Which spared me here, and with the brand of
shame

Stamp madness deep into my memory,
And woo compassion to a blighted name,
Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.

No---it shall be immortal!---and I make
A future temple of my present cell,
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.
While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,
And crumbling piecemeal view thy heartless
halls,

A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,
A poet's dungeon thy most fair renown,
While strangers wonder o'er thy peopled
walls!

And thou, Leonora! thou---who wert ashamed
That such as I could love---who blushed to
hear

To less than monarchs that thou couldst be
dear,

Go! tell thy brother that my heart, untamed
By grief, years, weariness---and it may be
A taint of that he would impute to me---
From long infection of a den like this,
Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,
Adores thee still;---and add---that when the
towers

And battlements which guard his joyous hours
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,
Or left untended in a dull repose,
This---this shall be a consecrated spot!
But thou---when all that Birth and Beauty
throws

Of magic round thee is extinct---shalt have
One half the lamel which o'ershades my grave,
No power in death can tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart.
Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
To be entwined for ever---but too late!

VARIETIES :

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,

IN your very valuable publication we are informed that a glass bottle, empty, corked, and sealed at the end,* in order, to distinguish the ends, was fastened to a sea-line, and let down into the sea to the depth of 100 fathoms; on being drawn up, it was found to be filled with water, and the cork inverted, firmly fixed into the neck of the bottle; and, being repeatedly done, the same effects were produced. A foot cube of sea-water (as I am informed,) weighs 1030 ounces avoirdupois. Now, suppose the throat of the bottle in width would square five-eighths one-sixteenth of an inch, the pressure of water on the cork would be 125 pounds at the above depth. I presume a cork cannot be stuffed into a bottle so firm as to resist this weight; I think the neck of the bottle will sooner burst; but, however this may be, I am persuaded it was not. By this pressure, then, is the cork forced into the bottle, and it fills, and by the same pressure is

the cork fixed again in the bottle's throat; for, let it be recollected, the water presses in every direction alike; and, as long as any could squeeze in, so long would the cork continue to rise towards its place; if there was room for only one particle to go abreast by the side, or through the cork, it would be sufficient to raise it. Now, with regard to the cork being inverted, and that repeatedly, I think is easily accounted for, thus---sealing wax is much heavier than water, and much more so than cork; it is very natural then for the sealed end to preponderate. This is perfectly consistent with the laws of gravity: hence the lighter end leads the way into the throat of the bottle.

April 1817.

W. BLOORE.

From La Belle Assemblée.

A PARALLEL TO MADAME LAVALETTE.

The exertions of Madame Lavalette to save her husband have been highly extolled, yet not above their meed. The lady of an ancestor of a late Asiatic victor, Sir H.——, encountered greater personal

* See Atq. Vol. I. p. 257.

danger, and was not less successful in delivering her husband from imminent peril.

M. M——, of N——, was more than suspected of treasonable correspondence with Prince Charles Edward, and the poetical and musical John Roy Stewart, supported by a party of the Scotch Greys, apprehended him. Mr. Stewart was by birth a gentleman, but a sergeantry of dragoons was no mean appointment for the son of a vassal in those days, when bon-fires were blazing through a very extensive district, because the younger brother of a powerful chief had obtained an Ensigncy in a regiment of foot. When a young gentleman determined to take his chance of a halberd, he prevailed with two or three cousins, or friends, to share the adventure, and these well-descended soldiers made a separate cast in their corps. Mr. Stewart was politely entertained at N——, and urged to stay all night, with offers of every accommodation for the men under his command; but fearing a rescue might be attempted he declined the invitation, which he said would detain him beyond the time specified in his orders. The lady was in hourly expectation of confinement, yet would not be dissuaded from attending her husband, wherever his destiny might doom him to prison. She beseeched Mr. Stewart to allow Mr. M—— to take her behind him on a pillion. Mr. Stewart could not deny a request so touching. The prisoner rode slowly on account of his lady's situation. They came to a lone moor, and about its centre Mrs. M—— cried out to Mr. Stewart to dispatch his men different ways, to call some of her own sex to assist her. She pointed out the directions nearest to dwelling-houses. The men received permission, and rode off.

Only Mr. Stewart remained; Mrs. M—— after a little time, begged his help to alight, and in that act clasped him so closely round the neck, as to give her husband time to escape, by spurring his horse to the utmost speed. Mr. Stewart dared not rejoin his regiment. He hastened to the rebel army, and died a colonel in the French service. John Roy Stewart's Strathspey is probably well known to our fair readers. We have presented them with a specimen of his poetry. Though unpolished, it

breathes the soul of fire which informed his athletic indefatigable frame.

THE BARBERRY-BUSH.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

Your correspondent R. C. in remarking, from experiment, that "neither spring-wheat, about thirty yards distant, nor Lammas, about fifty, was at all injured by this (supposed) noxious neighbour," has furnished a proof, in addition to the many previously existing, of the entire harmlessness of the Barberry-bush, in respect to its supposed power of mildewing wheat in proximity with it. I hope this gentleman will excuse my expressing a wish that he had authenticated the above communication with his real name, since he would have been thereby, to a greater degree, instrumental in rooting out a nonsensical and groundless prejudice, which has served to root up many a harmless Barberry-bush. I refer to the Gentleman's Magazine for November, 1815, for some observations on this subject, resulting from many years' experience.

May 14, 1817. JOHN LAURENCE.

PICTURES ON PAINTED GLASS.

Richness and clearness of colour are among the chief sources of pleasure derived from visible objects. But this colour never of itself raises that pleasure so powerfully as when it is transparent from light passing through it. Thus the sun as he rises and sets in a serene summer, sometimes shines through the steady clouds with a lucidness, variety and power, that put to shame every other display of colour whatever:

"The clouds in thousand liv'ries dight,
"Rob'd in flames and amber light."

So in Painting of Glass, the richness and clearness of the tints immensely surpass all others, owing mainly to the light shining through the glass. The very shadows themselves have considerable transparency, and appear with a peculiar and luscious charm, by the advance of strong light into and its existence in the very domain of its natural enemy, shade, yet without diminishing that requisite shade. In this, and in the excess of brightness in the lights, especially in the warm tints, the imagination revels in visual enjoyment. It feels a mental excitation, at once romantic and keen, from

the novelty and intensity of the scene—a species of poetical temperament and cast of thought.—*Examiner*, July 1817.

From the *European Magazine*.

QUASSIA.

This valuable commodity has been much abused and despised, owing chiefly, I presume, to its having been generally pushed forward as a *substitute*; whereas, had it been suffered to stand forth upon its own merits, it would have made its way as a most welcome auxiliary in some of the most trying situations of life. Three strong, but simple claims, it has to public regard. First, the wood burned, powdered, and very finely sifted, furnishes a very excellent powder for the teeth, harmless in its immediate use, and salutary in its effect for cleansing, sweetening, and preserving them from decay; secondly, a strong decoction of the chips of quassia is a certain preventive and cure for chilblains (about one pound of chips, value 9d. to two gallons of water is sufficient); and, thirdly, half a wine glass of water, in which cassia has been boiled, or long infused, taken in the morning fasting, is exceedingly conducive to the renovation of health, spirits, and appetite. Should you consider important, and unexpensive receipts worthy to be circulated through the medium of your valuable channel of communication, I will take the liberty to convey to you the result of my experiments, in cases of a similar nature. **ECONOMICUS.**

ILLUSTRATION OF OBSCURE PROVERBS, CEREMONIES, &c.

The fixing of evergreens, laurels, mistletoe, &c. in houses at Christmas, and practice of saluting females under the latter.—Tradition says that the first christian church in Britain was built of boughs; and that the disciples adopted the plan as more likely to attract the notice of the people, because the monks built their temples in that manner, probably in imitation of the temples of Saturn, which were always under the oak. The great feast of Saturn was held in December; and as the oaks were then without leaves, the people brought bows and sprigs of evergreens—and christians, on the 25th of the same month, did the like, from whence originated the present custom.—*New M. M.*

PREDICTIONS.

There are two extraordinary instances of predictions being fulfilled, when no supernatural means can possibly be supposed.

The first is mentioned by the learned Bishop of Worcester, in the Preface to his Sermons on Prophecy. It is part of a chorus in the *Medea* of Seneca:—

Venient annis
Secula, seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet et ingens
Pateat tellus, Tiphysque novos
Detegat orbes.

This is obviously fulfilled by the invention of the compass, and the discovery of America.

The other is in the first book of Dante's *Purgatorio*.

J' mi volsi a man' destro, e posi mente
All' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle
Non viste mai, fuor ch' alla prima gente.

Now this is an exact description of the appearance of the four stars near the south pole; and yet Dante is known to have written before the discovery of the southern hemisphere.—*Euro. Mag.*

Lord Chesterfield, who died in 1773, foretold that the French Monarchy would not last to the end of the century: Nostradamus foretold (very clumsily in our opinion) the disastrous death of Henry II. Regiomontanus foretold the capture of Paris, by the Duke of Guise; and now follow more recent foretelling; *videlicet*.

* There was a lady prophetess at Paris, madame Normand, with whom Buonaparte was often closeted, for the purpose of explaining the Emperor's dreams; one in particular, which he had dreamt repeatedly, and which was past his finding out. It was the dream of the three phials; one full of a colourless, another of a red liquor, and the third had nothing in it. Madame Normand said, as soon as she heard it, "I know what it means; but dare not tell it:" "But I command you," said the Emperor, "on pain of displeasure, to explain it." "Then, if I must," she said, "the red is the blood of your subjects, the white the tears of their relatives, and the empty phial your downfall." Napoleon would have mounted into a furious passion with any one else; but as he had promised forgiveness he bridled his rage, and, as he respected the prophetess, he dismissed

her, muttering to himself, *Si je tombe je me releverai*. The fall and the recovery both took place, and, as we know, are come to pass; for by the royal amnesty, the servants of Napoleon are the servants of Louis XVIII., which no Bourbon could have believed.

The last prediction of the Parisian sooth-sayers was not so fortunate. Early in July, 1816, it was rumoured that the sun would be extinct on the 18th; and on the 15th the placards began to appear in the wax-chandlers' shops of the Palais Royal: 'As the sun will be *eteint* on the 18th, *il faut faire une provision de bougies*.'—Panor.

From the Panorama.

BRITISH EMBASSY TO PEKIN.

The following is given as the most authentic account of the causes which led to the failure of the British Embassy, under the conduct of Lord Amherst. For further particulars we must wait till the whole history appears officially. Similar circumstances are not new to the Chinese Court; a Russian Embassy, sent over land, some years ago was stopped on the same account; and after several fruitless attempts, gave up the intention of seeing the Chinese Sovereign, and returned home. The harmony of the two countries continued uninterrupted.

It appears that discussions, negotiations, and threats, were used at Tong Chew, in order to procure the performance of the ceremonies. The point seemed to be given up by the Chinese, and Lord A. proceeded to Yuen Min Yuen, the Imperial gardens near Pe King; and after travelling all night, to his great surprise when he alighted from his carriage, at six o'clock in the morning, he found himself in the Imperial Court, surrounded by the princes, and principal officers of state. An attempt was made to usher him unshaven, unwashed, and without his credentials, into the Emperor's presence. Something like force, though not actual force, was used. At this time he had thrown himself, overcome with fatigue, into a chair in a small room which was allotted him out of the crowd. Finding himself rudely seized by the arm, he sprang from his chair, and shook the person (the Duke as he is called) off; (I believe) he put his hand on

his sword, and declared in a loud tone of voice he would not stir. The noise of his voice disturbed some of his suite, who being overcome with fatigue, had fallen asleep on a couch. They rallied about him, and Lord A. seeing Mr. Cook, his aid-de-camp, about to draw his sword, he called to him, saying, "Mr. Cook, do not draw yet." The Duke then pacified him, and left him. He however returned very shortly, saying the Emperor had sent a gracious message, that they must now return to Tong Chew, and that he would see them another day. Consequently, they again set out on their journey, after having been a few hours only at Yuen Min Yuen. They passed through the suburbs of Pekin, but did not enter the city, and arrived at Tong Chew late at night (I believe) on the second day after they had left it. Every thing now appeared settled; and they expected in a few days to be admitted into the presence of the Emperor; but just before the break of day, they were all disturbed out of their sleep, with an order to prepare instantly for their journey to Canton. No kind of solicitation was made by Lord A. to remain, though some of the embassy say, that the mandarins evidently wished it. In a little time presents were brought from the Emperor, and others were taken in return by the Chinese, who were permitted to make their own selection. They then set out on their journey, and have been treated with every mark of attention ever since. The Emperor has published a kind of penitentiary edict, complaining of having been deceived by his mandarins, &c. &c.; and the Chinese that I have conversed with, evidently feel themselves disgraced. In short, it is the general opinion in the factory, that the spirited manner in which Lord A. conducted himself, will be productive of as much, if not more good, than had they been received in the hurried manner that seemed to be intended. It has given the Chinese, and particularly the court, some insight into our spirited and independent character: and they have seen, for the first time, an English ambassador acting with calmness and dignity, in a most trying situation, disputing the right of equality for his own sovereign, and despising the

menaces of an Emperor, who declares there is but one sun in the heavens, and one emperor on earth.

Sir George Staunton will return home with Lord Amherst, whose arrival is shortly expected.—*Pan.* July, 1817.

AN ELEPHANT'S GALLANTRY.

Petersburgh, April 2, 1817.—A wooden house has been built for the elephants with which the Emperor has been presented by the Shah of Persia; the male is seventeen feet high, and is the same upon which the Persian monarch used to ride under an awning. Some Persians have remained here to attend these animals. A very curious circumstance occurred a few days since. A lady who often came to see the elephant, was accustomed to bring him bread, apples, &c. One day the animal, by way of shewing his gratitude, seized the lady with his trunk, and put her upon his back, on the place where the driver usually sits. The poor woman, terrified by this unexpected piece of gallantry, shrieked violently, and begged to be taken down; but the Persians assured her that it was far more prudent to remain where she was. She was therefore, obliged to wait till the elephant laid hold of her again, and set her down as gently as he had before lifted her up.—*Panor.*

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

Selections from the Works of Fuller and South, &c. By the Rev. Arthur Broome. 1817.

These "Selections" from the Works of Fuller and South are well calculated to instruct by sound precept, and convince by powerful argument—at the same time that they amuse and delight by continual sallies of humour and wit.

"*Jesting.* Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits: wherefore, jesting is not unlawfull, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.—Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in, but the font? or to drink healths in, but the church chalice? And know, the whole art is learnt at the first admission, and profane jests will come without calling. If in the troublesome days of King Edward the Fourth, a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitour, for saying he

would make his sonne heir to the crown, though he only meant his own house, having a crown for the signe; more dangerous it is, to wit-wanton it with the majesty of God. Wherefore, if without thine intention, and against thy will, by chance-medly thou buiest scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge, and pray to God to forgive thee.—Scoff not at the naturall defects of any which are not in their power to mend. Oh, 'tis crueltie to beat a cripple with his own crutches!—Neither scorn any for his profession if honest, though poor and painfull.—He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight, adopts it for his own.—He that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain.—We read that all those who were born in England the year after the beginning of the great mortality in 1344, wanted their lower cheek teeth. Such let thy jests be, that they may not grinde the credit of thy friend, and make not jests so long till thou becomest one."—*Fuller.*

NATURAL HISTORY. BEES.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR—As I was lately walking in a garden, I noticed some bees busily employed upon the blossoms of some scarlet runner kidney beans; I was surprised to find that, instead of burying themselves within the blossom, as is their usual manner with other flowers, they alighted on the outside, & thrust their proboscis into an opening, which appeared to be formed by nature for that purpose, and which was found only in those flowers whose petals were fully expanded. I examined the blossoms of some dwarf beans, but could find none of them perforated in a similar manner. As I have never met with a notice of this fact, I hope you will favor it with a place. Y.

INTERIOR HEAT OF THE EARTH.

It is well known that the deeper we penetrate into the earth the greater is the warmth. At Freyberg, they pretend to have calculated, that this increase of warmth amounts to one degree of the thermometer for 150 feet; from which it is inferred, that at the depth of 50 German (225 English miles, iron must melt, and the interior of the earth be a sea of liquid fire.

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

MEMOIR OF M. TALMA, THE FRENCH GARRICK. (*Extracted principally from Lady MORGAN'S "France," a new novel.*)

From the Literary Gazette.

TALMA, who is now in his fiftieth year, was born in France, and remained there till he attained his eighth year, when he was sent to receive a part of his education in England. It is a remarkable circumstance in this early part of his life, that he was selected to perform a principal character in a play, that was got up and performed before their royal Highnesses the Prince Regent and Duke of York, by the proprietors of the academy where he was placed; and that, tho' he acquitted himself very well, he was so much agitated by his emotions in this his first essay, as not to recover from its effects for some time after the performance was over. He returned to France in his fifteenth year to finish his education, remained at college a few years, and revisited England in 1783. It was at this period that he first felt an inclination for that profession, of which he was destined to become so distinguished an ornament. On seeing Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in tragedy, he returned to France in 1786, and began to apply himself to surgery, as his future profession; but his predominant passion still carrying him on the stage, M. Molé, a celebrated comic actor with whom he became acquainted, took him under his care, and, from the high opinion he entertained of his talents, introduced him to the committee of the *Theatre Français*, by whom he was engaged: in 1787 he made his first appearance in the character of Seid in Voltaire's *Mahomet*. He was then about 20.

The *debüt* of Talma excited no enthusiasm. The part of Charles IX. in the tragedy of that name, by Chénier, was the only one which afforded him an opportunity of commencing & establishing his reputation. Among other things, it was observed that he devoted such minute attention to his costume and head-dress, and gave so peculiar an expression to his features, that he presented a striking resemblance to the portraits which are preserved of that monarch.

French critics have been divided in opinion concerning the merits of Talma, who is the creator of a new style of declamation on the French stage. Some have accused him of heaviness in his delivery, a hollowness of tone, and a voice which is almost always confined, and which never develops itself except by sudden bursts. Others declare him to be a model of the *beau idéal*, and an artist who has arrived at a degree of perfection which none ever before attained, and which none can in future hope to acquire.

Impartial amateurs agree that no one equals Talma in the character of a tyrant or a conspirator, such as Nero, Manlius, &c.; but in those which require spirit, nobleness, and dignity, like Tancréd, Orosmanes, Achilles, &c. they prefer La Fond, who at this moment shares with him the tragic sceptre of the *Theatre Français*.

The French almost despair of finding his equal—his superior they think impossible. It was not to be expected that such a man as Talma, considering the times in which he lived, could have avoided the imputation of party principles. He accordingly has been put down as of the revolutionary party; but this is an error, or rather a calumny, of his enemies, for he was during the whole course of the moderate party, and, whatever his enemies may say to the contrary, he never made himself conspicuous. His commanding talents—his general acquirements—and, above all, the excellence of his private character, so distinguished for liberality and hospitality, cannot fail to ensure him a favourable reception in this country. He speaks English fluently, but does not intend to perform any character in an English play, nor indeed is it certain that he will in a French one, as he came here merely for his amusement.

The celebrated critic Geoffroy, perhaps a little too much imbued with the principles of the old school, frequently

attacked the acting and declamation of Talma in the *Journal des Debats*. The latter, who was intoxicated with the applauses lavished upon him, could not endure the pointed censures with which the old critic daily stung him. One evening, whilst Geoffroy was at the *Theatre Français*, accompanied by his wife, and a lady and gentleman their friends, the door of his box suddenly opened while the performers were on the stage. A man appeared, and said in a loud voice, "Is M. Geoffroy here?" Without waiting for a reply, he entered the box, and seizing Geoffroy by the hand, "Come out, villain!" continued he.—"Heavens, 'tis M. Talma!" exclaimed Madame Geoffroy. The friend of the critic then repelling the tragic monarch, whose nails were already imprinted in characters of blood upon the hand of his censor, succeeded in forcing him out of the box and closing the door upon him. The door was however, opened a second time; the siege of the box again commenced, but the occupants had the advantage, and remained masters of the field of battle. Had such an affair as this occurred in England, the actor would have been *tried for an assault*. In France, however, he was dismissed with a slight reproof, which Savary, who was then minister of police, delivered to him with a smile. On the following day Geoffroy gave a description of this scene in the *Journal des Debats*, and was expert enough to turn the joke against his adversary.

Napoleon was exceedingly attached to Talma, and appointed him his reader.

We are happy in being able on the present occasion to subjoin an extract from Lady Morgan's forth-coming work, further illustrative of the peculiar talents of this distinguished actor.

"*Britannicus*," says Lady Morgan, "so long the fashion, from the inimitable performance of Talma in Nero, awakened my most anxious expectations; and it was not without emotion that I saw myself, for the first time, in the great national theatre of France, and in a box chosen and procured for me by M. Talma himself. Still, however great my expectation, however lively my impatience for the rising of the curtain, which recalled the long-blunted vivacity of feelings of

childish solicitude and curiosity, I soon perceived that I was cold, languid, and inanimate to the genuine French audience that surrounded me. The house was an overflow at an early hour: the orchestra, cleared of all its instruments, was filled to suffocation; and the *parterre*, as usual, crowded with men (chiefly from the public schools and *lycées*, whose criticisms not unfrequently decide the fate of new pieces, and give weight to the reputation of old ones,) exhibited hundreds of anxious faces, marked countenances, and figures and costumes which might answer alike for the bands of *brigandage*, or the classes of philosophy. Some were reading over the tragedy; others were commenting particular passages; a low murmur of agitation crept through the house like the rustling of leaves to a gentle wind, until the rising of the curtain stilled every voice, composed every muscle, and riveted the very *existence of the audience* (if I may use the expression) upon the scene.

"The theatres of other countries assemble *spectators*, but an *audience* is only to be found in a French theatre. Through the whole five acts attention never flagged for a moment; not an eye was averted, not an ear unattending; every one seemed to have the play by heart, and every one attended, as if they had never seen it before.

"In the famous scene of *Britannicus* where Agrippina is left *tête-à-tête* with her son, to enter on her defence, Mademoiselle Georges, as the Roman empress, went through a long speech of a *hundred and ten lines*, with great clearness, elegance of enunciation, and graceful calmness of action.

"During the first seventy lines of this speech, Talma, as Nero, sat a patient and tranquil auditor. No abrupt interruption of haughty impatience, disdaining the curb of a long-neglected authority, was furnished by the genius of the author, or gave play to the talents of the admirable actor; and the little by-play allowed him, or rather that he allowed himself, was not *risked*, until towards the close of the speech: it was then, however, exquisite—it was nature. The constraint of forced and half-given attention, the languor of exhaustion, the restlessness of tedium, and the struggle between some

little remains of filial deference and habitual respect, blended with the haughty impatience of all dictation, were depicted, not in strong symptoms and broad touches of grimace and action, but with a keeping, a tact, a fidelity to nature, indescribably fine. His transition of attitude; his playing with the embroidered scarf round his neck, and which made a part of his most classical costume, his almost appearing to count the threads, in the inanity of his profound *ennui*, were all traits of the highest order of acting. In London, this acting would have produced a thunder of applause; in Paris it was coldly received, because it was innovation: and many a black head in the *parterre* was searching its classical recess, for some example from some traditional authority, from Baron, or Le Kain, of an emperor being restless on his chair, or of the incident of playing with the handkerchief being at all conformable to the necessity "*de présenter noblement*," in all kings, since the time of Louis le Grand.

"Whether on the stage at the *Théâtre Français*, or in the *Thuilleries*, Talma is eminently superior to the school whose rules he is obliged to obey. His great genius always appeared to me to be struggling against the methodical obstacles presented to its exertions. He is the Gulliver of the French stage tied down by *Lilliputian threads*. Before talents like his can exert their full force, and take their utmost scope, a new order of drama must succeed to the declamatory and rhyming school which now occupies the French stage. Talma is a passionate admirer of the English drama, and of Shakspeare. He speaks English fluently, and told me that he had a great desire to play in one of Shakspeare's tragedies. He did not complain, but he *hinted* at the restraint under which his talents laboured, from that

esprit de système, which the French have banished from every other art, and which keeps its last hold on their stage. But he said, 'if I attempt the least innovation; if I frown a shade deeper to-night than I frowned last night, in the same character, the *parterre* are sure to call me to order.'

"The dignity and tragic powers of Talma, on the stage, are curiously but charmingly contrasted with the simplicity, playfulness, and gaiety of his most unassuming, unpretending manners off the stage. I (who had never seen *Coriolanus* in the drawing-room, but as I had seen *Coriolanus* in the Forum,) expected to meet this great tragedian in private life, in all the pomp and solemnity of his profession; the cold address, the measured phrase; in a word, I expected to meet *the actor*: but in the simple, unaffected manners of this celebrated person, I found only the well-bred and accomplished gentleman. Talma had, in his early life, been intimate with Buonaparte; and the ex-emperor (who never forgot the friends of the young engineer officer,) accorded the *petites-entrées* of the palace to the sovereign of the *Théâtre Français*. Talma saw him constantly; not, however, to *give him lessons* (an invention at which Buonaparte and Talma both laughed;) but to discuss his favourite topic, tragedy, of which he was passionately fond. On this subject, however, the actor frequently differed with the emperor; while the emperor as frequently dictated to the actor, greeting him with '*Eh bien! Talma, vous n'avez pas usé de vos moyens hier au soir.*' Napoleon always disputed the merit of comedy, and observed to a gentleman, from whom I had the anecdote, '*Si vous préférez la comédie, c'est parceque vous vieillissez.*' — '*Et vous, Sire,*' replied Monsieur — '*vous aimez la tragédie, parceque vous êtes trop jeune.*'"

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM HUTTON.

Continued.

[It has been observed by some writers of eminence, that if every person would fairly put down all his daily occurrences, and the movements of his mind, without any attempt to set himself off as superior to other people, he would render an acceptable service to the world. We are quite certain that no more

convincing illustration of this remark nor a better example to be adopted, is to be found than in the present very instructive and entertaining volume, the actor of which was the creator of his own fortune. As a model of biographical composition in the form of a journal, it is not exceeded even by the de-

servedly celebrated memoir of Benjamin Franklin, whose character in many respects greatly resembled that of William Hutton. They were both nearly self-taught, both were bred to mechanical employments, without any prospect beyond that of a decent competency, and yet both attained a distinction in the world of letters, acquired independence, if not affluence, in the most honourable way, and reached to a period considerably beyond the ordinary limits of human life. Mr. Hutton began to be an author at the age of fifty-six, and he closed his own narrative on his birth-day, October 11th, 1812, when he entered his ninetieth year.] *New Mon. Mag.*

THE RIOTS OF BIRMINGHAM IN 1791.

BIRMINGHAM, tho' nearly without a government, had continued in harmony during the forty years of my residence. Religious and political disputes were expiring, when, like a smothered fire, they burst forth with amazing fury. I have, in the history of this place, celebrated the mild and peaceable demeanour of the inhabitants, their industry and hospitality; but I am extremely concerned that I am obliged to soil the fair page with the black cinders of their burnt buildings. A stranger would be tempted to inquire, whether a few *Bonniers* were not risen from the dead to establish religion by the faggot? or, whether the church was composed of the dregs of the universe, formed into a crusade? or, whether the friends of the king were the destroyers of men? In the dark ages papist went against protestant, but in this enlightened one it is protestant against protestant. But why should I degrade the word religion? He who either prompts or acts such horrid scenes, can have no religion of his own.

The delightful harmony of this populous place seems to have been disturbed by FIVE occurrences.

A public library having been instituted upon an extensive plan, some of the members attempted to vote in Dr. Priestley's polemical works, to which the clergy were averse. This produced two parties, and its natural consequence, animosity in both. Whether the gentlemen of the black gown acted with policy is doubtful, for truth never suffers by investigation.

The next was an attempt to procure a repeal of the *Test Act*, in which the dissenters took an active but a modest part. Ever well-wishers to their country, the

dissenters were foremost in their quarrel with Charles the First, but they only meant a reform of abuses. Matters, however, were soon carried beyond their intention, and they lost their power. They who brought him into trouble, tried to bring him out. They were afterwards the first to place his son, Charles the Second, upon the throne, who requited them evil for good. After suffering various insults from the house of Stuart, the dissenters were materially instrumental in promoting the revolution, and upon this depended the introduction of the Hanoverian line, which, to a man, they favoured. In a thousand mobs, in 1714, to oppose the new government, could have been found no more presbyterians than in the Birmingham jury who tried the rioters. Nor was there one presbyterian in the rebellion the following year, nor in that of 1745. In both periods they armed in favour of the house of Brunswick. Their loyalty has continued unshaken to the present day, without their ever having been disturbers of their country. They concluded, therefore that they had a right to the privileges of other subjects. They meant no more. Those who charge them with designs either against church or state, do not know them. No accusation ought to be admitted without proof. Can the people be charged with republicanism, who have, in the course of one hundred and thirty-two years, placed five sovereigns on the British throne? As I was a member of that committee, I was well acquainted with the proceedings, and will repeat two expressions uttered at the board. Mr. *William Hunt* remarked, "That he should be as strenuous in supporting the church of England as his own." The whole company, about twenty in number, acquiesced in the sentiment. This gentleman verifies his assertion, by subscribing to more than one church. I myself remarked, "That what we requested was our right, as well as that of every subject; we ought to recover it; but, rather than involve our country in dispute, we would resign it." This also was echoed by the whole body. These were all the presbyterian plots either against church or king I ever knew. Hence it appears that presbyterians are as true friends to both as any set of men

whatever, except those who hold church lands or court favours.

Controversy was a *third* cause. Some uncharitable expressions falling from the episcopal pulpits, involved Dr. Priestley in a dispute with the clergy. When acrimony is used by two sides, the weakest is only blameable. To dispute with the doctor was deemed the road to preferment. He had already made two bishops, and there were still several heads which wanted mitres, and others who cast a more humble eye upon tithes and glebe lands. The doctor, on his part, used some warm expressions, which his friends wished had been omitted. These were placed in horrid lights: and here again the stronger side ever reserves to itself the privilege of putting what construction it pleases upon the words of the weaker. However, if the peace of society is broken, we cannot but regret it, whatever be the cause.

The *fourth* occurrence was an inflammatory hand-bill, which operated upon the mind like a pestilence upon the body. Wherever it touched it poisoned. Nothing could be more unjust than charging this bill upon the dissenters; and, in consequence, dooming them to destruction. It appears from its very contents that it could not proceed from a *body*. If it *was* fabricated by a dissenter, is it right to punish the whole body with fire and plunder? This is visiting the sins of one man upon another. An established maxim is, a man shall only be accountable for his own. It might be written by an incendiary of another profession, to kindle a flame. Perhaps the unthinking fell upon the dissenters, because they were vexed they could not find the author. I have been tempted to question whether he meant any more than a squib to attract public attention; but it proved a dreadful one, which burnt our houses.*

The *fifth* was a public dinner at the hotel, to commemorate the anniversary of the French revolution. This, abstractedly considered, was an inoffensive meeting. It only became an error by being ill-timed. As the minds of men were ruffled, it ought to have been omitted.

* It appeared afterwards that it was fabricated in London, brought to Birmingham, and that a few copies were privately scattered under the table at an inn.

Though a man is justified in doing what is right, it may not always be prudent. We may rejoice with any society of men who were bound and are set free; but the French revolution is more their concern than ours. I do not approve all its maxims, neither do I think it firmly fixed. One of its measures, however, I admire, that of establishing itself without the axe and the halter, a practice scarcely known in revolutions. Should a prince and his people differ, the chief passion it would excite in me, would be a desire to make peace between them. To our everlasting dishonour, more mischief was done in the Birmingham riots, than in overturning the whole French government. Altho' the public are in possession of the *toasts* drank at the hotel, I shall subjoin them. The company out of respect to monarchy, had procured from an ingenious artist three figures, which were placed upon the table. One, a fine medallion of the king, encircled with glory: on his right, an emblematical figure, representing British Liberty: on the left another, representing Gallic Slavery breaking its chains. These innocent and loyal devices were ruinous; for a spy, whom *I well know*, was sent into the room, and assured the people without, "That the revolutionists had cut off the king's head, and placed it on the table." Thus a man, with a keen belief, like one with a keen appetite, is able to swallow the grossest absurdities.

1. The King and Constitution.
2. The National Assembly, and Patriots of France, whose virtue and wisdom have raised 26 millions from the meanest condition of despotism to the dignity and happiness of freemen.
3. The Majesty of the People.
4. May the Constitution of France be rendered perfect and perpetual.
5. May Great Britain, France, and Ireland, unite in perpetual friendship; and may their only rivalry be, the extension of peace and liberty, wisdom and virtue.
6. The rights of man. May all nations have the wisdom to understand, and courage to assert and defend them.
7. The true friends of the Constitution of this country, who wish to preserve its spirit by correcting its abuses.
8. May the people of England never cease to remonstrate till their parliament becomes a true national representation.
9. The Prince of Wales.
10. The United States of America; may they for ever enjoy the liberty which they so honourably acquired.
11. May the revolution in Poland prove the harbinger of a more perfect system of liberty extending to that great kingdom.

12. May the nations of Europe become so enlightened as never more to be deluded into savage wars by the ambition of their rulers.

13. May the sword never be unsheathed but for the defence and liberty of our country; and then may every one cast away the scabbard till the people are safe and free.

14. To the glorious memory of Hampden, Sidney, and other heroes of all ages and nations, who have fought and bled for liberty.

15. To the memory of Dr. Price, and all those illustrious sages who have enlightened mankind in the true principles of civil society.

16. Peace and good-will to all mankind.

17. Prosperity to the town of Birmingham.

Concluded in our next.

18. A happy meeting to the friends of liberty on the 14th of July, 1792.

The sum total of the above toasts amounts to this—a solicitude for the perfect freedom of man arising from a love to the species. If I were required to explain the words *freedom* and *liberty* in their full extent, I should answer in these simple words, *that each individual think and act as he please, provided no other is injured.*

POETRY.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE MINSTREL'S MEED.

O SWEET is the breath of the dew-sprinkled thorn,
And bright is the gleam of the clear vernal sky;
But richer's the sigh that from feeling is drawn,
And purer the glance of the soul-kindled eye.
When deepens the gloom of the tempest around,
How cheering each sun-beam that glimmers on high,
When loudest the shrieks of wild terror resound,
How sweet is the voice that breathes, succour is nigh.
More bright than the sun-beam that shoots through the storm,
More sweet than the voice that bids lost hope return;
The glance of affection our griefs can disarm,
And friendship to blisses our sorrows can turn.
Thus sung the young minstrel, while eve's breezes blew,
And millions of stars slow emerg'd from the sky;
For beauty he sang, and the love-meed he drew,
A sigh from her bosom, a tear from her eye.
July 1817.

From the same.

LE TEMPS FAIT PASSER L'AMOUR.

[The following is an imitation of a copy of verses, which was presented to the Empress Josephine, when she was Madame Beauharnois, by an American poet.]

DESTIN'D with restless foot to roam,
Old Time, a venerable sage,
Reaches a river's brink, and "come,"
He cries, "have pity on my age.
What! on these banks forgotten I,
Who mark each moment with my glass!
Hear, damsels, hear my suppliant cry,
And courteously help Time to pass."
Disporting on the farther shore,
Full many a gentle nymph look'd on;
And fain to speed his passage o'er,
Bade Love, their boatman, fetch the crone;
But one, of all the group most staid,
Still warn'd her vent'rous mates—"Alas,
How oft has shipwreck whelm'd the maid
Whose pity would help Time to pass;"

Lightly his boat across the stream
Love guides, his hoary freight receives,
And, fluttering to the sunny gleam,
His canvass to the breezes give:
And plying light his little oars---
In treble now, and now in bass,
"See, girls," th' enraptur'd urchin roars,
"How gaily Love makes Time to pass!"
But soon---'tis Love's proverbial crime---
Exhausted, he his oars let fall;
And quick those oars are snatch'd by Time,
And heard ye not the railer's call?
"What tired so soon of thy sweet toil,
Poor child, thou sleepest! I, alas!
In graver strain repeat the while
My song---'tis Time makes Love to pass!"
July 1817.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

MR. URBAN, Feb. 1, 1817.

I DOUBT not, from the favourable sensation with which I have perused the following Ode, written by one of my friends, that it will prove acceptable to the Readers of your excellent Miscellany. It is the composition of a young man, whose age may in a degree apologize for some inaccuracy of performance, which the severe impartiality of criticism might otherwise condemn as unpardonable. Yours, &c. N. GRAINGER.

ODE TO MEMORY.

Nec me meminisse pigebit, ELISÆ!

Æneid. l. v.

LET Fancy weave in lofty song
The charm of Hope's illusive tongue,
Invite the youthful heart to stray
In dreams which lure but to betray;
To climes unknown celestial graces yield,
Th' Elysian vale, and flower-enamell'd field;
Hear vernal warblers sing in ev'ry grove,
In ev'ry eye behold the light of love.
Should folly prompt those scenes to head,
Ev'n now the fairy guide is fled:
Lo! nought salutes the aching eye,
But beetling crags, a sunless sky,
Vales where the midnight tyger prowls,
And hills where endless winter scowls.
Syren! these boons are thine, and this thy sway,
Fraught with remorse's pang in pleasure's swift decay.

But hail! thou source of pensive joy,
Which future ills can ne'er alloy;
Sister of her whose mask arrays
Life's distant woes in glory's blaze

Memory! beneath thy all-reviving hand,
 Dear, long-lost joys in vivid lustre stand.
 Parent of thought, and nurse of ev'ry grace
 That Genius culls from Nature's varied face,
 To thee the plastic powers belong
 Of wisdom's voice and Poet's song;
 For thee the trophied warrior bleeds,
 To thee confides his flaunting deeds;
 For thee the Bard lifts high the lay,
 And sighs from thee to grasp his bay,
 Without whose genial aid, the task how vain!
 For what would then reward the sword, or
 heav'nly strain?

Yet fairer, softer sweets be thine,
 Than woo th' aspiring soul to shine;
 Far other wreaths thy brow adorn,
 Than Autumn's fruits on April's morn.
 When age's wintry eve is cloth'd in gloom,
 'Tis thine to wake the flowret into bloom;
 In hearts no ray of future hope can warm,
 To breathe ev'n there a momentary charm.
 See, at thy beck, that sunny smile
 The moody lip by fits beguile;
 See, o'er the furrow'd cheek there plays
 A beam that shone in childhood's days.
 Now Fancy paints in spotless vest
 Those faultless hours of peace and rest,
 With rapture dwells on ev'ry fading hue,
 And sighs to ev'ry parted joy a long adieu.
 The cynic heart, who loves to dwell
 In shady grot, or cloister'd cell,
 At evening's close, and life's decline,
 Pours grateful incense o'er thy shrine.
 Has mad Ambition spurn'd his soul to fame?
 Has lawless Love consign'd his days to shame?
 Has misery taught his vagrant feet to roam,
 And find a sabbath in the lion's home?

Enchantress! wave thy magic wand:
 A thousand forms around him stand:
 Lo! there the gorgeous domes ascend;
 Here deck'd in smiles his bosom's friend,
 And she, when love and life were new,
 Who gave time's sky its purest blue,
 Revive in thought the pleasures of the past,
 Scarce whisp'ring in his ear such bliss too fair
 to last.

Rise, Heloise, from thy downy sleep,
 But rise not now to think and weep.
 Declare how o'er thy raptur'd soul
 The lovely visions wont to roll;
 How oft amid the convent's lonely aisle,
 Thou saw'st reveal'd Idalian beauties smile;
 How oft, as toll'd the curfew's fitful knell,
 Thy Abelard has sigh'd his last farewell.
 Ill-fated Maid! 'twas thine to feel
 From Memory's hand, remorse's steel.
 Did thoughts of past delight employ
 Thy heart in dreams of faithless joy,
 Repentance hurried in the rear,
 To claim a tributary tear;
 O'er each fond theme thy fancy lov'd to trace,
 Dark lour'd the cloud of guilt, and frown'd on
 ev'ry grace.

Hark! on the pinions of the gale
 Is heard the Maniac's frenzied wail;
 As reason flits her feverish brain,
 She turns to youthful joys again;
 Views in the cheerless sorrows of her lot,
 Gay, lucid scenes by reason's slaves forgot,
 And hails the form ador'd, as it was seen
 In storms, the rosy morn that once has been.
 Oh! she can tell, howe'er deprest,
 That pleasures past still proffer zest;
 Can still th' harmonious concord own,
 Though reason's string has lost its tone;
 Gay Fancy hers, that spurns controul,
 And Love, the minstrel of the soul!

Then, Memory! hail! by whose creative power
 Is nerv'd the Patriot's arm, and sooth'd Afflic-
 tion's hour.

When Cynthia mounts her silv'ry car,
 And Venus lights the Western star;
 When Fancy soars to higher spheres,
 Then welcome Memory's balmy tears!
 When the pale moonbeam gilds the silent sea,
 Then, Laura, then my spirit flies to thee:
 With thee I seem o'er wonted haunts to rove,
 Or list unseen to tales of hapless love,
 When Evening comes in vermildye,
 To tinge with mellow hand the sky,
 With thee I seek the lonely wood,
 Where tyrant vigils ne'er intrude;
 If then perchance I frame a lay
 To scare ideal griefs away,
 Should fond Affection praise the artless song,
 How rolls the fervid tide with energy along!
 Sun of my life, whose matin beam
 Has ceas'd to warm its freezing stream,
 Be thine the mild, meridian ray,
 Which glads the frosty noon of May;
 And when, at last, Death's gloomy midnight
 o'er,
 That beam shall cloudless rise to set no more,
 That hallow'd form, and passion-speaking eye,
 Far lovelier glow in immortality;
 Ye seraphs say, when thron'd above,
 (If ours that promis'd bliss to prove)
 Shall Memory then the song inspire,
 And strike with holier hand the lyre;
 In Angels' ears those joys pourtray,
 Which spirit breathe to lifeless clay;
 And reason, freed from Nature's servile reign
 Combine these dreary hours of pleasure and
 of pain. P. J.

From La Belle Assemblée.

EDWARD'S URN.

BY MISS M. L. REDE.

THE gloom of twilight lightly spread
 Her sombre hue o'er Edward's bed;
 All nature hush'd in silence lay,
 And Cynthia lent her faintest ray:
 No wind disturb'd the winding wave
 That wash'd the willow at his grave;
 Congenial sadness breath'd around
 When Emma's footsteps press'd the ground.
 So fair her form, so slow her pace,
 She moved a beauteous weeping grace:—
 Around the urn her arms she twin'd,
 Upon the urn her head reclin'd.—
 Now rising Luna brightly stray'd,
 On Emma's cheek the clear beam play'd,
 And show'd in sorrow's softest grace,
 The angel beauty of her face:
 For though from thence the rose had fled
 That tinted once her cheek with red,
 Yet in its place now lingered there
 A hue so exquisitely fair,
 That Beauty might the rose forego,
 And emulate the softer glow.
 The dews of night had bath'd her form,
 When slowly breath'd awakening morn;
 The silent shades of night had fled
 Unconscious o'er the mourner's head;
 But orient morn's refulgent beam
 Awak'd her from her sorrowing dream.

"Ah me!" the beauteous mourner cries,
 "The blush of morning tints the skies,
 "Reviving Nature joys to hail
 "The hour that draws night's dusky veil.
 "But ah! this hour so gay, so bright,
 "Is hateful to my weary sight;

"It bids me quit this silent urn,
 "Where I would ever hang and mourn---
 "Would ever shed grief's vital tear,
 "For oh! my soul lies buried here!
 "Cold urn! not colder than my breast,
 "Beneath thee does my Edward rest!
 "Dim is that eye where genius beam'd,
 "Whence feeling, love, and splendor stream'd!
 "Will ever pleasure's blush renew
 "On this chill'd cheek a happier hue?
 "Will e'er again the morn appear,
 "When I shall smile thro' rapture's tear?
 "No! never more shall Emma know
 "Gay pleasure's smile, or rapture's glow.
 "The blast of Death destroy'd the torch
 "Of Love at sacred Hymen's porch---
 "The morn that made me Edward's bride,
 "He press'd my hand, he dropp'd and died!
 "When shall this heart forget his sigh?
 "The last fond look that lit his eye?
 "What did they to his Emma tell?
 "My Edward's silent---Fare thee well!
 "Come Death, dread author of my woe,
 "Bring to my breast thy swiftest blow:
 "Bid this wild torturing throbbing cease,
 "And close these streaming eyes in peace."
 The awful monarch of the grave,
 Darted forth from his ebony cave;
 His fleshless arm impelled the dart
 That sought the sinking sufferer's heart.
 To Edward's urn more close she clung,
 To life's last moment o'er it hung,
 Then sinking 'neath it, senseless prest
 The turf that cover'd Edward's breast.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

MR. URBAN, June 14, 1817.

When you are informed that the following lines are the production of a youth only 15 years of age,---and that youth the son-in-law of her whose loss he deplores,---they will prove alike creditable to both their hearts; to *her's*, whose maternal fondness inspired such lively regard; and to *his*, which uniformly felt for her the dutiful affection of a son. L. B.

FILIAL SORROWS,

On the Death of an excellent Mother.

TEACH me to mourn, Urania! sacred maid,
 A dear lov'd Mother's death, in solemn strains;

So will I sigh a requiem to her shade,---
 So will I show affection still remains.

So, pure departed Spirit! will I sing [heart:
 A dirge that flows spontaneous from the
 For, oh! what solace does to sorrow spring,---
 What joy in grief does Poësy impart!

Yet, why thus mourn---from suffering a release
 To one, who was by all rever'd, belov'd?
 One, who, now bless'd with everlasting peace,
 From human care and sorrow is remov'd.

Long, long, alas! she was by pain oppress'd;
 Yet, patient as a lamb about to die,
 Meek Resignation shed the balm of rest,
 And Hope beam'd brightly from the opening sky.

Herspirit, fitted with the Blest to live,
 By angels borne to realms of boundless joy,
 Tastes of the pleasures Death alone can give,
 Pure from the fount of bliss without alloy.

Then, should I weep as one of hope depriv'd?
 As if we never were to meet again?
 Forbid it, Heav'n!---for, when from dust
 reviv'd,

We shall unite, nor feel a parting pain.

Then, O my soul! repress the rising sigh:
 For, sure shall I behold her face to face,
 In God's own Paradise:---no more to die,
 My Friend---my Mother there again embrace.

Be thou my guide, RELIGION! heavenly power!

Who's gainst Death's terrors fortified her mind,
 Succour me too, in Sorrow's trying hour,
 And ever bless me with thine influence kind!

*Written at the Vault that contains her Relics,
 late in the Evening, previous to returning
 early the next Morning to School.*

FAREWELL! Oh be my parting tribute paid

Of duteous tears, my Mother! o'er thy tomb:
 Oh, let them soothe thy conscious gentle Shade,
 While gathers now around me Evening's gloom.

Fit hour for converse with the sacred Dead,
 When solemn stillness reigns thro' all the air;
 When weeping dew on Nature's breast are shed,

And alter'd objects seem not what they are.

What, tho' no urn, no animated bust
 Yet bear the traces of thy honour'd name;
 What, tho' mute stones alone enshrine thy dust,
 Which ne'er thy Worth distinguish'd must proclaim.*

What, tho' no sculptur'd tribute yet appear---
 No monumental marble meet the eye;

Mine is a better offering---*Duty's tear*---
 Mine, what thou prizest more---*Affection's Sigh*.

I come to kiss---to weep on this thy grave,---
 To mourn thy loss---the loss which all deplore;

My sorrows thus thy sepulchre shall lave;
 For I shall see thee---love thee here no more!

Yet, if 'tis true---and Scripture's words are truth, [path,

That sainted Spirits guard their favourite's
 Oh! be the angelic Guardian of my youth!
 Shield me from danger, wickedness, and wrath.

But, oh! farewell: for darkness rolls around,
 And thickening clouds obscure the starry sky:

Nights spreads her pall-like mantle o'er the ground,
 And warns the living to prepare to die.

*Dudley Churchyard, T. W. BOOKER.
 May 30.*

* A few hours before she expired, the mournful directions concerning her interment, &c. were closed with these words: "I earnestly entreat that nothing like pomp may mark my funeral; nor any thing like eulogy---my tomb."

From the Monthly Magazine.

RECIPE FOR MAKING A WOMAN.

A FLIT of Spirit; gleam of Love:
 A spot of polar White;
 A tint of Beauty stain'd above;
 A ray of Summer light.

A still small accent whispers o'er,
 And Music aids the birth;
 A soul of Glory beams before,
 And Woman walks the earth.

J. W.

Wantage, Dec. 1816.